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BY
TWO BROTHERS

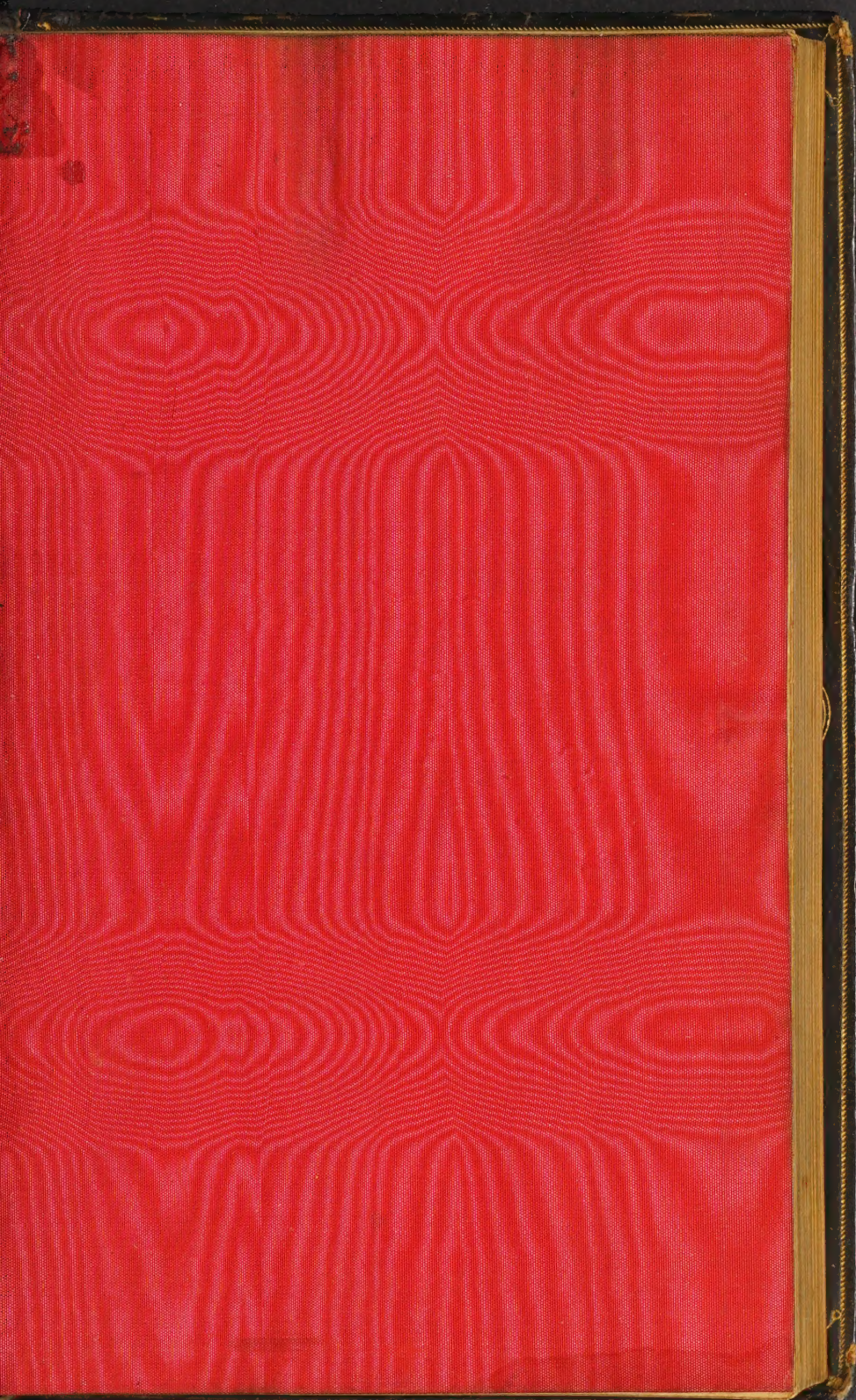
VOL. I.











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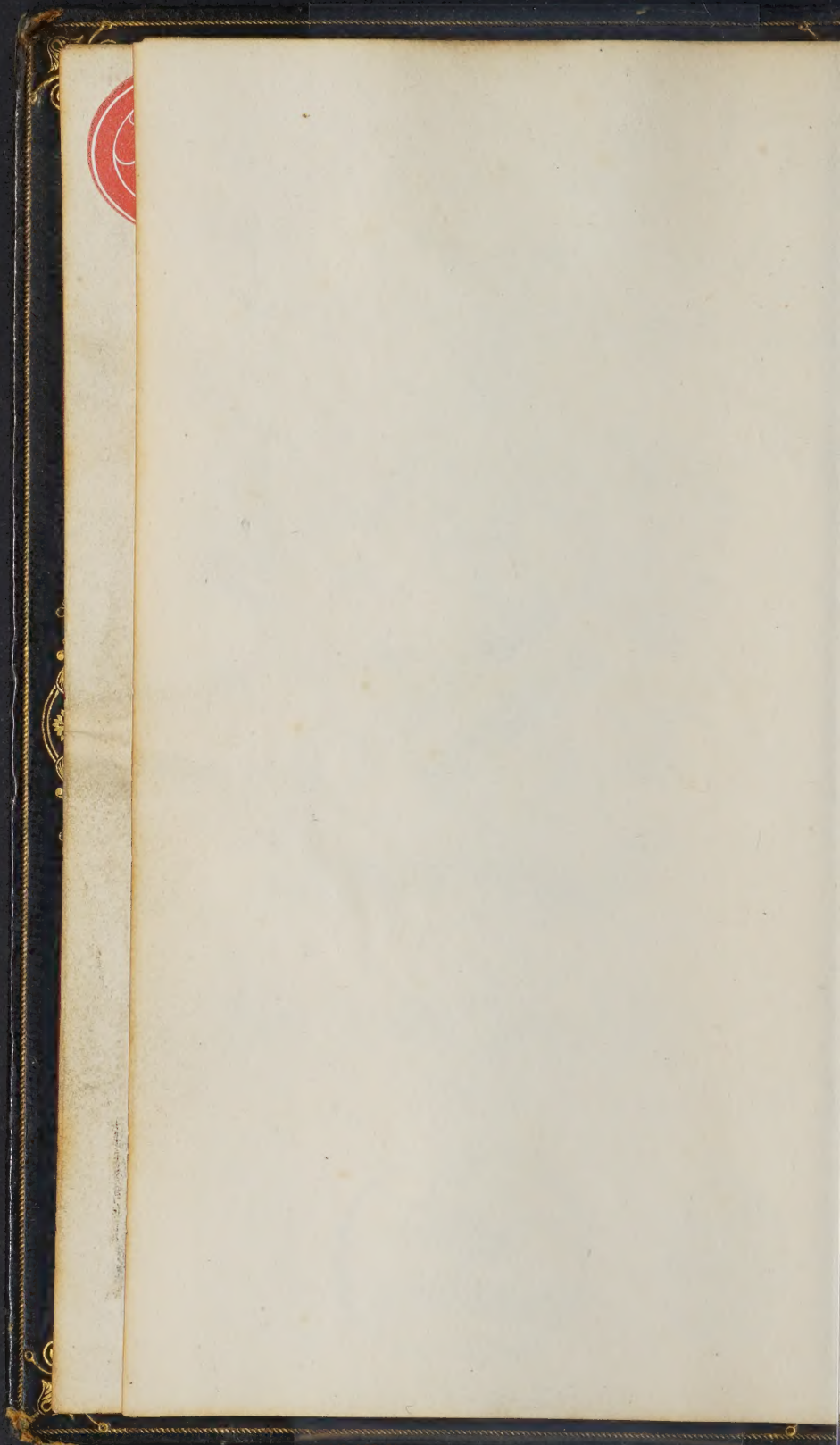
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GUESSES AT TRUTH.

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GUESSES AT TRUTH

J. L. H. 1827.

BY

TWO BROTHERS.

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1827.

Χρυσὸν οἱ διζήμενοι, φησὶν Ἡράκλειτος, γῆν πολλὴν ὀρ' ὀρ' σ. σουσι, καὶ εὐρίσκουσιν ὀλίγον.

Clem. Alex. Strom. IV. 2. p. 565.

As young men, when they knit and shape perfectly, do seldom grow to a further stature ; so knowledge, while it is in aphorisms and observations, it is in growth ; but when it once is comprehended in exact methods, it may perchance be further polished and illustrated, and accommodated for use and practice ; but it increaseth no more in bulk and substance.

Bacon, Advancem. of Learn. B. 1.

TO THE READER.

I HERE present you with a few suggestions, the fruits, alas ! of much idleness. Such of them as are distinguished by some capital letter, I have borrowed from my acuter friends. My own are little more than glimmerings, I had almost said, dreams of thought : not a word in them is to be taken on trust.

If then I am addressing one of that numerous class which reads to be told what to think, let me advise you to meddle with the book no further. You wish to buy a house ready furnished ; do not come to look for it in a stone-quarry. But if you are building up your opinions for yourself, and want only to be provided with materials, you may in these pages meet with many things to suit you. Do not despise them for their want of name and show : rather remember what the old author

says, that "even to such an one as I am, an idiota or common person, no great things, melancholizing in woods and quiet places by rivers, the Goddess herself Truth has often times appeared."

Reader, if you weigh me at all, weigh me patiently, judge me candidly, and may you find half the satisfaction in examining my Guesses, that I have myself had in making them.

Authors usually think not about writing the preface, until they have reached the conclusion; and with reason. For few have such stedfastness of purpose, and such definiteness and clear foresight of understanding, as to know, when they take their pen up, how soon they shall lay it down again. Since the foregoing paragraphs were written, some months ago, this little book has increased to more than four times the bulk which was then contemplated, and has acquired besides two fathers instead of one. The temptations held out by the freedom and pliant aptness of the plan; the thoughtful excitement of lonely rambles, of gardening, and of other like occupations, where the mind has leisure to muse during the healthful activity of the body,

with the fresh and wakeful breezes blowing round it; above all, intercourse and converse with those, every hour in whose society is rich in the blossoms of present enjoyment and in the seeds of future meditation, in whom too the imagination delightedly recognizes living realities goodlier and fairer than her fairest and goodliest visions, so that pleasure kindles within her the desire of portraying what she cannot hope to surpass; these causes happening to meet together, have occasioned my becoming a principal in a work, wherein I had only looked forward to being a subordinate auxiliary. The letter *υ*, with which my earlier contributions had been marked, has for distinction's sake continued to be affixed to them; and the explanation just given will account for its being more frequent latterly than at the beginning. As our minds have grown up together, have been nourished in great measure by the same food, have sympathized in their affections and their aversions, and have been shaped reciprocally by the assimilating influences of brotherly communion, a family likeness will, I trust, be perceivable throughout these volumes, although perhaps with such dif-

ferences as it is not displeasing to behold in the children of the same parents. And thus I commit this book to the world, with a prayer that he to whom so much of it, if I may not say the whole, is devoted, will, if he think it worthy to be employed in his service, render it an instrument of good to some of his children. May it awaken some one to the knowledge of himself! May it incite some one to think more kindly of his neighbour! May it enlighten some one to discern the footsteps of God in the creation!

v.

May 17, 1827.

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

THE virtue of Paganism was strength ; the virtue of Christianity is obedience.

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances : Religion is above circumstance.

Moral prejudices are the stop-gaps of virtue ; and like other stop-gaps, it is often more difficult for a man to get either out or in through them than through any other part of the fence.

A mother should give her children a superfluity of enthusiasm, that after they have lost all

they will lose on mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions. A cloak should be of three-pile, to keep its gloss in wear.

The heart has been often compared to the needle for its constancy : has it ever been so for its variations ? Yet were any man to keep minutes of his feelings from youth to age, what a table of variations would they present ! how numerous ! how opposite ! and how strange ! This is just the case in the writings of Horace : and if we consider his occasional effusions (which, be it remembered, almost all his compositions are) as delineating but the piety or the passion, but the seriousness or the levity, of the moment, we shall have no difficulty in accounting for that difference in their features, which has so much puzzled professional commentators. Their very contradictoriness proves their truth.

The teachers of youth in a free country, should select for their chief study (so far, I mean, as this world is concerned) the books best adapted to encourage a spirit of constitutional freedom. The duty of preserving the liberty which our ancestors have, through God's blessing, won, established, and handed down to us, is as imperative as any commandment in the second table; if it be not the concentration of the whole. And is this duty to be learnt from scientific pursuits? Is it to be found in the crucible? or among the remote properties of lines and numbers? I fear there is a moment of broken lights in the intellectual day of civilized countries, when knowledge among them becoming all too much, wisdom becomes all too little. Society in time acquires a number of mouths which will not suffer themselves to be entertained without a corresponding variety of dishes, so that unity is left alone as an inhospitable singularity; and many things are

got at any way, rather than a few the right way. But howsoever these things may be in men's corrupted fancies and opinions, would we certainly imbibe the feelings, the sentiments, and the principles, which become the descendants of the greater English, we must betake ourselves to the springs whereof they drank. Like them, we must mark in the writings of antiquity the unbending strength of mind and uncalculating self-devotion which nerved and stimulated the philosophic and heroic patriots of heathen times; and we shall then blush, should Christianity with all its additional incentives have failed of kindling within us a zeal as steady and as pure.

“ Is not our mistress, fair Religion,
As worthy of all our heart's devotion,
As Virtue was to that first blinded age ?

Alas !

As we do them in means, shall they surpass
Us in the end ?”

Donne's Sat. iii. 5.

The denunciations of Christianity are mate-

rial and tangible. They speak of and to the senses, because they speak of and to the sensual and the earthly, in character, intellect, or pursuit.

The promises of Christianity, on the contrary, are addressed to a different class of persons; to those who love, which cometh after fear; to those who have begun to advance in goodness; to those who are already in some degree detached from the thralldom of the body. But spoken of heaven to the heavenly minded, how should they not be heavenly themselves?

The fact then of there being nothing definite, and little inviting or attractive except to the eye of faith, in the Christian description of future rewards, instead of being a just objection to its truth, is rather a metaphysical confirmation of it. And so thought Selden, who says in his Table-Talk: "The Turks tell their people of a heaven where there is sensible pleasure, but of a hell where they shall suffer they don't know what. The Christians quite invert this

order: they tell us of a hell where we shall feel sensible pain, but of a heaven where we shall enjoy we can't tell what." L.

The best criterion of an enlarged mind, next to the performance of great actions, is their comprehension. R.

We have to thank the extravagant fastidiousness of our Augustan writers, as they are called, for the loss of a thousand excellent words and phrases. They put the language into swathing-bands, and Johnson, Gibbon, and the Scotchmen, made it in that state dance. One is half-tempted to wish one could bring them back in their grave-clothes, that D'Egville, well fiddle-sticked, might pay them in kind.

Why should not distant parishes interchange their apprentices? that the lads on their re-

turn might introduce among their neighbours the improvements in agriculture and the mechanical arts, which they had been taught or had observed during their absence. E.

The practice was usual two centuries ago; and still exists, I am told, in Germany and in other parts of the continent.

The first thing we learn is *Meum*, and the last *Tuum*. None can have lived with children without noticing the former fact; few have associated with men and not remarked the latter.

Man in a savage state would be then most perfect, when he could most directly apply his understanding to satisfy the cravings of his appetites. His perfection then as an isolated animal, if any where, is to be found in Esop.

To address the prejudices of one's hearers, is

to argue with them in short-hand. But it is also more : it is to confer on the opinion we contend for, the additional probability of prescription ; and, through the understanding which we have surprised, to attack the heart.

The ancients dreaded death ; we, thanks to Christianity, only fear dying.

A person should go out on the water on a fine day to a small distance from a beautiful coast, if he would see Nature really smile. Never does she look so delightful, as when the sun is brightly reflected by the water, while the waves are gently rippling, and the prospect receives life and animation from the glancing transit of an occasional row-boat, and the quieter motion of a few small vessels. But the land must be well in sight ; not only for its own sake, but because the immensity and awfulness of a mere sea-view would ill accord

with the other parts of the glittering and joyous scene.

The second Punic war was in fact a struggle between the man Hannibal and the Roman people: and its event proved that the collective good sense of a civilized nation, when duly embodied and exerted, must ultimately exhaust and overpower the resources of a single mind, however excellent in genius and ability.

The war of Sertorius, the Roman Hannibal, is of the same nature, and teaches the same lesson.

Nothing short of extreme necessity will induce a wise man to change all his servants at once. A new set coming together fortuitously are sure to cross and jostle . . like Epicurus's atoms, I was going to say; but no, unlike the silent atoms, they have the gifts of claiming and complaining; and exert them, till the family is

distracted with disputes about the limits of their respective offices.

But after a household has been once arranged, there is little or no danger to apprehend from subordinate changes in the establishment. The new servant on arriving finds himself in the middle of a system; his place is marked out and assigned, the routine of his business is explained to him, and he falls into it as certainly as a new wheel-horse in a mail, when his collar is to the pole and the coach has started.

It is the same with those great families which we call nations. To remodel a government and form a constitution, is a work of the greatest difficulty and hazard: the attempt may fail completely, and cannot thoroughly succeed under many years. It is the last desperate resource of a ruined people, a kind of staking double or quits with evil, and giving it, I much fear, the first game. But still it is a resource. We employ cataplasms to restore suspended

animation; and Burke himself, without relinquishment of principle, might have tried Medea's kettle on a carcass.

Be that, however as it may, from rational subordinate reforms good, and good only, is to be looked for. Their benefits are not confined to the removal of the abuse which their author may have intended them to correct. No perpetual motion, God be praised, has yet been discovered for free governments: for the impulse which keeps them going, they are indebted mainly to subordinate reform: now, by a single exposure of delinquency, spreading salutary vigilance through a whole administration; now, by the origination of some popular improvement from without, leading (if there be any certainty in party motives, any such things among great men as policy and emulation) to the counter-adoption of a thousand meliorations from within, which had else been only dreamt of . . . as impossible.

One day as a little girl was playing round me with her white frock over her head, I laughingly called her *Pishashee*, the Indian name, I believe, for their white devil. The child was delighted with so fine a name, and ran about the house screaming out to every one she met, *I am the Pishashee, I am the Pishashee*. Would she have done so, had she been wrapt in black and called *witch* or *devil* instead? No; for in this case too the reality was nothing, and the sound and colour every thing.

But how many grown-up persons are running loose about the world, quite as anxious as the little girl was to get the name of Pishashees! The only difference between them is, that she did not understand it.

True modesty consists, not in an ignorance of our own merits, but in a due appreciation of them. Modesty then is but another name for self-knowledge; that is, for absence of igno-

rance on the one subject which we ought best to understand, as well from its near concernment to us as from our continual opportunities of studying it. And yet it is a virtue.

But what, on second thoughts, are these merits? Jeremy Taylor tells us, in his *Life of Christ*: "Nothing but the innumerable sins which we have added to what we have received; for we can call nothing ours, but such things which we are ashamed to own, and such things which are apt to ruin us. Every thing beside is the gift of God; and for a man to exalt himself thereon, is just as if a wall upon which the sun reflects, should boast itself against another that stands in the shadow."

Considerations upon Christ's Sermon on Humility.

After we have been dwelling on our own weaknesses, how naturally does our vanity console itself with pitying the infirmities of our friends.

T.

It is as hard to know when one is in Paris, as to guess when one is out of London. . . . R.

The first looks like the city of a great king; the last like that of a great people. . . . M.

When the moon, after covering herself with darkness as in sorrow, at last throws off the garments of her widowhood, she does not at once expose herself impudently to the public gaze; but for a time remains veiled in a transparent cloud, till she gradually acquires courage to endure the looks and admiration of beholders.

“The end of Sporus is singular enough to deserve a line. A few years after he had been exhibited publicly in the streets of Rome as the wife of Nero, he was ordered by Vitellius to personate a nymph who in some pantomime was to be carried off by a ravisher. And this creature, branded in the face of the world with

infamy of the deepest dye, actually put an end to his life, to avoid appearing in the dress of a female *on the stage*." *Gifford's Juvenal*, 1, 104; *Note*.

In other words, the wretch who had dared any thing under cloak of the imperial purple, perished by his own hand rather than endure the ignominy of public exposure in the theatre. Disgrace to him was sin, as it is, and must be, to all whose God is Honour. The greatest Roman would have found it difficult, after such a life, to forgive him such a death from such a motive. As Madame de Stael says, with that eloquent heathenism traceable in parts of her earlier writings: "Helas il serait si difficile de ne pas s'intéresser à l'homme plus grand que la nature, alors qu'il rejette ce qu'il tient d'elle, alors qu'il se sert de la vie pour détruire la vie, alors qu'il sait dompter par la puissance de l'âme le plus fort mouvement de l'homme, l'instinct de sa conservation :—qu'il est bon

que les véritables scélérats soient incapables d'une telle action ; ce serait une souffrance pour une ame honnête, que de ne pas pouvoir mépriser complètement l'être qui lui inspire de l'horreur."—*Sur l'Inuence des Passions*, p. 201.

Life may be defined to be the power of self-augmentation or assimilation, not of self-nurture ; for then a steam-engine over a coal-pit might be made to live.

The metaphysical inquirer should start from his axioms, like the physical. The latter begins from the well-known principle that matter is indifferent to motion or rest. The former should, in like manner, take for the basis of his inquiries some important unquestionable fact concerning the soul ; if, as Christians believe, such can any where be found : for Philosophy, as far as possible, like every thing else, should in a Christian country be Christian.

We throw away the better half of our means, when we neglect to avail ourselves of the advantages which starting in the right road gives us. It is idle to urge that unless we do this, antichristians will deride us. Curs bark at gentlemen on horseback : but who, except a fool or hypochondriac, on that account ever gave up riding ?

By following the rule suggested we shall, I think, be led to conclude that, as the Deity, the Great Spirit, is in his nature inclined to good and disinclined to evil, so likewise the soul, emanating as it does from that Great Spirit, must be naturally inclined to good and disinclined to evil. This proposition would go a great way toward accounting for and reconciling the two principles in our nature, which have so much puzzled metaphysicians ; I mean self-love and sympathy. For love of good, in the widest sense, will indeed lead us to do good to our-

selves; but it will likewise lead us to rejoice when good has been done to another. It is probable in man's original state, before his soul had been stupefied by the fall, he possessed moral sensitiveness in as great perfection as he possesses physical sensitiveness at present; so that an evil action would then, from its irreconcilableness with the recipient, have caused as much pain to the mind, as a blow, or other such violence, from its irreconcilableness with the recipient, would occasion to the body now. By the fall, this fineness of moral tact was forfeited—conscience, the God within us, is at once its relic and its evidence—and we were left to ourselves to discover what is good, though we still remain endowed with the desire of good, when we have satisfied ourselves what it consists in. And hence sympathy seldom varies; for it is chiefly conversant with the external, about which there is little difference of

opinion: while self-love, being mainly conversant with the internal, varies greatly.

They who disbelieve in virtue because man has never been found perfect, might as reasonably deny a sun because it is not always day.

Two persons can hardly set up their booths in the same corner of Vanity Fair, without incommoding, and, on that account, disliking one another.

B.

Fickleness is in women of the world the fault most likely to result from their situation in society. The weaknesses which they know are the most severely condemned, and the good qualities which they feel to be most highly valued, in the female character, by our sex as well as their own, have alike a tendency to render them generally obliging, to the exclu-

sion, so far as nature will permit, of strong and durable unmixed uncountenanced attachment to individuals. Well! we deserve no better of them. And after all, the flame is only smothered by society, not extinguished; give it free ventilation and it will blaze.

The following sentence is extracted and translated from D'Alembert by Dugald Stewart: "The truth is, that no relation whatever can be discovered between a sensation in the mind and the object by which it is occasioned, or at least to which we refer it: *it does not appear possible to trace, by dint of reasoning, any practicable passage from the one to the other.*"

Now if this be so, and there appear to the reason no necessary connexion between the reception of an object into the senses and its subsequent impression on the mind, we have no grounds for supposing the organs of sense to be more than machinery for the uses of the

body only. That the body, for example, may indeed be said to see through the eye, is evident; but how—if we can trace no nearer connexion between the mind and an object when painted on the retina, than between it and the object itself—how can it be truly said, that the mind appears to need the eye to see with?

Again, if this be so, how idle are all disquisitions on the intermediate state, founded on the assumption that the soul when out of the body has no perceptions! That

“ The soul’s dark cottage, batter’d and decay’d,
Lies in new lights thro’ chinks that Time has made,”

may be, perhaps is, an assertion as true as it is prettily poetical; and spirits may acquire new modes of communication by losing their mouths and ears, just as a bird gets its feathers on issuing from the shell. Should this be thought too fanciful a guess, though the parable of Dives and Lazarus appears to justify

it, our own experience furnishes a similar analogy; and as the unborn infant possesses dormant senses, which it finds on coming into this world; so likewise may our still embryo soul perhaps have latent senses of its own, living inlets, shall I call them? or capacities? of saintly vision and communion, to be exerted hereafter for its improvement and delight, on issuing from its present womb, the body.

But here a dreadful supposition crosses me. What if sin, which certainly enfeebles the understanding and dulls the conscience, should also clog and ultimately stifle these undeveloped powers and faculties? so as to render spiritual communion after death impossible to the wicked. What if in this way the imbruted soul make its own prison, shut itself up from God, and exclude from itself every thing but the memory of its crimes, evil desires "baying body," and the apprehension of intolerable, unavoidable, momentarily approaching punish-

ment? At least it is debarred from repentance; and this one thought is terrible enough, without searching into the matter further.

Though Jesus chose poor men for the companions of his life, he selected a well-educated and distinguished man to be the greatest preacher of his religion. Such a man, it is evident, as well from station as from acuteness and the natural pride of a highly cultivated intellect, was the last person to become the dupe of credulous enthusiasts; especially when they happened to be low-born and illiterate.

But from such an appointment may also be drawn an inference directly in favour of a learned ministry. If some of the Apostles had no other human instructor than the best master that ever lived, Jesus Christ; the one most immediately and supernaturally called by him to preach the Gospel, was full of sacred

and profane learning. "But the gift of tongues" . . authenticated itself; and when a man now-a-days claiming to be supernaturally inspired, comes warranting his pretensions by a similar proof, he may expect to be followed and believed by many who, so long as he exhibits no visible credentials, will justly consider him unentitled to regard.

It was a practice worthy of our worthy ancestors, to fill their houses at Christmas with their relations and friends; that when nature was frozen and dreary out of doors, something might be found within "to keep the pulses of their hearts in proper motion." The custom, however, is only an appropriate one among people who happen to have a heart: and it is bad taste to continue it in these civilized and happy days, when every body worth hanging,

“oublie sa mere,
Et par bon ton se defend d'être pere,”

especially in Doctors' Commons, and before a magistrate.

It is evident that most people have life granted to them for their own sake: but not a few seem sent into the world chiefly for the sake of others. How many infants every day come and go like apparitions! and the remark, if true in any degree, holds good much further.

A critic should be a pair of snuffers: he oftener is an extinguisher; and not seldom a *thief*. U.

The intellect of the truly wise man is like glass: it admits the light of heaven, and reflects it.

Poetry is to philosophy what the Sabbath is to the rest of the week.

On the Reasonableness of the Doctrine of Atonement.

When one undertakes to treat concerning the Reasonableness of the Atonement, one professes only to inquire whether, in that doctrine of Christianity considered separately from the rest, there be any thing repugnant to human reason, or, contrariwise, agreeable to it; and one takes the reasonableness of a revelation for granted. On which point, however, it may be observed by the way, that there is nothing *a priori* improbable in the supposition of God's interesting himself in the moral government of his moral creatures; and that the universality of the belief establishes its reasonableness.

Shall I be told that the belief is not universal? It may not be literally; but it is in fact. I neither know nor care whether some sub-humanly savage tribe may not be quoted against

me. Be it that the reasonableness of the belief contended for may never have been practically admitted by a few unenlightened hordes, or rather herds, of men; so long as it is acknowledged by most tribes even, by all nations, by every people that enjoys a literature or has preserved a vestige of civilization. I am quite satisfied with the reason of the rational; and wish not, except for his own sake, to add to it the unthinkingness of the savage. But to push the argument one step further, what does this non-admission of his amount to? Surely not to the contradiction of a competent deposer, but to the silence of an ignorant and dumb one. Some one of his ancestors doing what the backsettlers of America and the savages of all countries are with difficulty preserved from doing at this very day, may have thrown away the belief as an incumbrance in his flight from civilization, or have dropt it from his thoughts in wandering through the desert. Show me, therefore, when and

how your savage heard of the belief, before you exaggerate his non-acquiescence into a deliberate rejection. Till then, although his ignorance is so much lost to my argument, it is certainly nothing gained to yours. For Bentley's observation on "the natives of Newfoundland and New France in America, who were said to live without any sense of religion," is applicable in its spirit here. "I ought not to have called these miserable wretches a nation of atheists. They cannot be said to be of the atheist's opinion, because they have no opinion at all in the matter. They do not say in their hearts, *There is no God*; for they never once deliberated if there was one or no. They no more deny the existence of a Deity, than they deny the Antipodes or the Copernican system; about which they have had no notion or conception at all. It is the ignorance of those poor creatures, and not their impiety; their ignorance, as much to be pitied, as the impiety of the atheists to

be detested." (*First Sermon against Atheism*
p. 10.)

Assuming then the reasonableness of a revelation, proceed we to examine the reasonableness of an atonement, which may, I think, be deduced from the ensuing considerations. A law necessarily implies punishment; wherefore every single human offence must be followed, as its natural consequence, by an appropriate punishment; unless either a final balance be struck of all our deeds good and bad; or a man's lot fall hereafter according to his moral state at the moment of his death, utterly without respect to any former evil which he may have committed, and which, according to the hypothesis, is pardoned.

Now taking these three as independent schemes, the last is perhaps the best, the first the wisest, the second decidedly the worst. But neither the last nor the first, neither the best nor the wisest, will bear a comparison with the scheme

of atonement by Christ's death : for that unites the excellencies of both ; showing the Deity irreconcilable to sin, as perhaps he must be from the purity of his essence ; and yet compassionate and forgiving toward the repentant sinner ; as we all consider him to be in the fulness of his perfections. To us who have been brought up from childhood in the belief of God's mercy, and who moreover are familiarized with sin, and, I fear, love it too well to think much harm of it, God's compassion and forgiveness may seem nearly things of course. But this is foolhardiness, not wisdom ; and though it shows us to be confident, does not prove us to be right.

In a word, the scheme of atonement amounts to at least this ; that, instead of only pardoning offenders freely (as the objectors to the doctrine gratuitously presume he might have done) God has super-added to his free offer of pardon a monument of his displeasure against

sin. I do not give this as by any means a full account of the whole matter. It may be a very small part of it. But the scheme assuredly amounts at least to this : and were this all, the argument, says Bishop Butler, “ which has often been alleged in justification of the doctrine, from the apparent natural tendency of this method of redemption to vindicate the authority of God’s laws and deter his creatures from sin, has never yet been answered, and is, I think, plainly unanswerable.”—(*Analogy of Religion*, p. 2. c. iii. s. vii.)

But, say objectors, the doctrine of Christ being appointed to suffer for the sins of the world, represents God as being indifferent whether he punish the innocent with the guilty. Were it so, it would be a strange doctrine to stand prominent, as in fact it does, however it may be explained away, in a book which every where represents God as the Father of his creatures, as just, as the hater of all cruelty

and oppression, as the upholder of all who endeavour to be good notwithstanding their manifold imperfections, as long-suffering even toward the bad. But this is only one among the many instances of men, when they have two irreconcilable things, a fact and an opinion, and feel themselves obliged to give up one, surrendering not the opinion to the fact, but the fact to the opinion; sacrificing thereby the certain to the doubtful, the proof which should support unto the hypothesis to be supported.

To proceed in the words of the philosophic Bishop, which I shall not scruple to quote at some length, as these pages may wander into the hands of some who never have read the *Analogy*, or at least never have studied it as it deserves: happy such, if the following extract lead them by its merit to exercise their minds accurately and severely on that great manual of modest wisdom! “This and such like objections (though it is most certain all who make

them do not see the consequence) conclude altogether as much against the whole daily course of Divine Providence in the government of the world, that is, against the whole notion of religion, as against Christianity. For when, in the daily course of natural providence, it is appointed that innocent people should suffer for the faults of the guilty, this is liable to the very same objection as the instance we are now considering. The infinitely greater importance of that appointment of Christianity which is objected against, does not hinder but that it may be, as it plainly is, an appointment of the very same kind with what the world affords us daily instances of. Nay, if there were any force at all in the objection, it would be stronger in one respect against natural providence than against Christianity; because, under the former, we are commanded, (by the law of nature) and even necessitated whether

we will or no, to assist men who by their follies have run themselves into extreme distress, in many cases where we cannot do it without very great pains and labour and sufferings to ourselves : in short, we are necessitated to suffer for the faults of others ; whereas the sufferings of Christ were voluntary." (*p. 2. c. ii. s. vii.*)

It is needless to pursue the subject further. The concluding remark alone would be answer sufficient to the objection, were it stronger than, as far as I can judge, it is.

The ideal incentives to virtuous exertion are a sort of moon to the moral world. Their borrowed light is but a dimmer substitute for the vivifying rays of religion, replacing those rays when hidden or obscured, and evidencing their existence when unseen in the heavens.

To exclaim, then, during the blaze of devo-

tional enthusiasm against the beauty and usefulness of such auxiliary motives, is fond; to shut the eye against their luminous aid when religion enlightens not our path, is lunatic; to understand their comparative worthlessness, feel their positive value, and turn to account their occasional importance, is the part of a truly wise man.

I have called these incentives a sort of moon. Had the image occurred to one of those old writers who took such pleasure in tracing out recondite analogies, he would scarcely have omitted to remark, that in the conjunctions of these two imaginary bodies the moral moon is not eclipsed except when it is at the full, nor can itself eclipse without being in the wane. "Love," says the greatest living English prose-writer, in one of his wisest and happiest moods, "is a secondary passion in those who love most, a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a great degree, is inspired

by honour in a greater."* So is it with honour and religion.

Before me were the two Monte Cavallo statues, towering gigantically above the pygmies of the present day, and looking like Titans in the act of threatening heaven; above my head the stars were just beginning to show themselves, and might well have been mistaken for guardian angels keeping watch over the temples below; behind me and on my left were palaces; on my right gardens, and hills beyond, with the orange tints of sunset over them still glowing in the distance. Within a stone's throw of me, in the centre of objects so glorious in themselves and so accordant with each other, was stuck an unplanned post

* *Imaginary Conversations*, V. 2. Conv. iii. The passage is all the better for its accidental coincidence with those two noble lines of Col. Lovelace:

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more."

on which glimmered a paper-lantern. Such is Rome.*

Such enormities have been committed within the memory of living men by privateers, (see the *Journal of Alexander Davidson, Edinburgh Annual Register*, vol. iii. p. 2.) that it seems advisable there should be, on board every ship of that description, except perhaps in the four seas, a superintending national officer, to keep a public journal, and to prevent crimes. If the officer die on the cruise, it should be imperative on the privateer to make the nearest friendly port, unless she meet with a national ship-of-war that can spare her out of its own crew a superintendent in room of the deceased. Any privateer not conforming to the regulations

* This and a few other passages of the same kind, some of them in verse, are as true as drawing from sight could make them. No one, I imagine, will be displeased at finding among my guesses this sprinkling of something more accurate and certain.

established on these two points, should be deemed a pirate.

If some such regulations are not adopted, I apprehend from the States now springing up in America there will one day issue a swarm of piratical privateers, cruel as the Buccaneers of old, and more unprincipled.

Just, harmonious, temperate as is the spirit of liberty, there is in the name and mere notion of it a vagueness so opposite to the definite clearness of the moral law, that an enthusiastic reformer, unless he be a puritan in religion, runs greater risk than his neighbours of turning out something of a profligate in private life.

La morale s'appuie très souvent sur la faiblesse du physique.

T.

Anguish is naturally so alien from man's spirit, that perhaps nothing is more difficult to will

than contrition. God therefore is good enough to afflict us ; that our hearts being brought low enough to feed on sorrow, may the easier sorrow for sin unto repentance.

In most ruins we contemplate only what Time has spared. Ancient Rome appears to have defied his power ; and in its present remains we seem to see the limbs which he has rent and scattered in the struggle. T.

How melancholy are all memorials ! T.

Were we the mere creatures of external impulses, what would faces of joy be but so many glaciers ? on which the seeming smile of happiness at sunrise, is only a reflexion of the rays they apparently are greeting, from frozen and impassive heads.

It is with flowers, as with moral qualities :

the bright-coloured are sometimes poisonous ; but, I believe, never the sweet-smelling.

Picturesqueness may be defined to be that quality in objects which fits them for making a good picture ; and it refers, especially in actual art, to the appearances of things in form and colour, more than to their accidental associations. Rembrandt would have been right in painting turbans and Spanish cloaks, though the Cid had been a scrivener, Cortez had sold sugar, and Mahomet had been notorious for setting up a drug-shop instead of a religion.

It is a proof of our natural bias to evil, that *acquisition* is longer and harder than *loss*, in all things good : but in all things bad, *getting* is shorter and easier than *getting rid of* ; especially in those very bad things, habits, and mistresses, and their children.

Would you cure or kill an evil prejudice? manage it as you would a pulling horse; tickle it as you would a trout; treat it as you would the most headstrong thing in the world, and the readiest to take alarm, the likeliest to slip through your fingers at the moment you think you have got it safe and are just about to make an end of it.

Three reasons occur to me for thinking bodily sins to be more curable than mental ones :

In the first place, They are more easily discovered to be sins ; since they clothe themselves in outward acts, which admit neither of denial nor, except in the way of excuse, of self-deception. Nobody the morning after being drunk can be ignorant that he went to bed not sober ; for his nerves and stomach assure him of the fact. But the same man might be long in finding out that he thinks of himself more highly than he ought ; from having no palpable standard to convince him of it.

Secondly, Bodily sins do not so immediately affect the reason, but that we still possess within us an uncorrupted judge, to discover and proclaim their criminality. Whereas mental sins corrupt the faculty appointed to determine on their guilt, and darken the light which should show their darkness.

In the third place, Bodily sins must be inseparably connected with certain times and places ; and consequently by a new arrangement of the hours, and, as far as may be, an abstinence from the places which have ministered opportunities to any bodily vice, a man may disable himself from longer acting it. This in most vices of the kind is easy, in sloth not ; which is therefore the most dangerous of them, or at least the hardest to be cured. But the mind is its own place, and depends not on contingencies of season and situation for the power of indulging its follies or its passions.

Still it should be remembered that bodily sins

breed mental, thus leaving, after they are stifled or extinct, an evil and vivacious brood behind them.

“ I know scarce any thing that calls for a more serious consideration from men than this : for still they are apt to persuade themselves that old age shall do that for them which, in their present fulness of strength and youth, they have not the reason nor the heart to do for themselves. Whereas the case is directly the reverse ; *for nothing grows weak with age, but that which will at length die with age ;* which sin never does. The longer the blot continues, the deeper it sinks. Vice, in retreating from the practice of men, retires into their fancy” . . . and from such a strong-hold what shall dispossess it ? (*South's Sermons, Vol. 2.*)

'Twas a night clear and cloudless, and the sight,
Swifter than heaven-commissioned cherubim,
Soaring above the moon, glancing beyond
The stars, was lost in heaven's abysmal blue.

There are things the knowledge of which
proves their revelation. The mind can no more

penetrate into the secrets of heaven, than the eye can force a way through the clouds of heaven : it is only when they are withdrawn from above us by a mightier hand, that the sight can rise above the moon, and ascending to the stars can repose on the unfathomable ether ; that emblem of omnipresent Deity, which, every where equally enfolding and supporting man, yet baffles his senses and excites not his regard, except when he looks upward and contemplates it above him.

The atmosphere of greatness is too oppressive, when not refreshed by the breezes of popular favour.

It is well for us that we are born babies in intellect. Could we understand and reflect upon one half of what most mothers at that time say and do to us, we should draw conclusions in favour of our own importance

which would render us insupportable for years. Happy the boy whose mother is tired of talking nonsense to him, before he is old enough to know the sense of it !

By the repeated attempts of a man to convince others, he convinces us that he is convinced himself.

R.

It has been objected to the Reformers, that they dwelt too much on the very great corruption of our nature. But surely, if our strength is to be perfected, like the Apostle's it can only be in weakness ; and he that feels most sorely his fall from Paradise, will also feel most grateful for the offer of returning to it on the wings of the Redeemer's love.

Written on Whitsunday.

Who has not seen the sun on a fine spring morning pouring his rays through a transparently

white cloud, filling all places with the purity of his presence, and kindling the birds into joy and song? Such would, I suppose, be the constant effects of the Holy Spirit on the soul, were there no such thing as evil in the world. As it is, the sun of the moral, like that of the physical world, though "it always makes a day," is often clouded over; and it is only under a coincidence of peculiarly happy circumstances that the heart perceptibly suffers this sweet violence, and feels and enjoys the ecstasy of being hurried along by overpowering, unresisted influxes of good. To most, I fear, this happens only during the spring of life; but some hearts keep young, even at eighty.

After listening to very fine music, it should appear to us one of the hardest problems, how the delights of heaven can be so attuned to man as to become endurable for their pain.

A speech, being a matter of adaptation, and having a point to carry, should contain a little for the few, and a great deal for the many. Burke injured his oratory by neglecting the latter half of this rule, as Sheridan must have spoiled his by failing to observe the former. But the many will always carry it for the moment against the few; and though Burke was allowed to be the greater man, Sheridan drew most hearers.

Desire is the body's love; and the fleshly are not to blame for feeling it, but for feeling nothing else.

"I am convinced that jokes are often accidental: a man in the course of conversation throws out a remark at random, and is as much surprised as any of the company, on hearing it, to find it witty."

For the substance of this observation I am indebted to one of the pleasantest men I ever

knew, who doubtless gave in it his own experience. I wish he had carried it some steps further, as he might with ease and profit. It would have done our pride no harm to be reminded, how few of our best and wisest and even of our newest thoughts do really and entirely originate in ourselves; how few of them are voluntary, or at least intentional. Take from them all that has been suggested or improved by the hints and remarks of others, all that has fallen from us accidentally, all that has been struck out of us by collision, all that has been prompted by a sudden impulse, or has occurred to us when we were least looking for it; and the remainder, which can alone be claimed by us as the fruit of study and premeditation, will in every man form a small portion of his store, and in most men will be little worth preserving. We can no more make thoughts than seeds. How absurd then in any man to call himself a poet or maker! The ablest writer is only a gardener first,

and then a cook : his tasks are, carefully to select and cultivate his strongest and most nutritive thoughts ; and when they are ripe, to dress them, wholesomely, and yet so that they may have a relish.

Whoever wishes to see an emblem of political unions and enmities, should walk, when the sun shines, in a shrubbery. As long as the air is quite still, the shadows combine to form a very pretty trellice-work, which looks as if it would be lasting : but the wind is sometimes perverse enough to blow, and then to pieces goes the trellice-work in an instant ; and the shadows, which before were so quiet and distinct, cross and intermingle in confused varieties. It seems impossible they should ever re-unite ; and yet, the moment the wind subsides, they dovetail into each other as closely as before.

The most copious of languages must be the most concise. R.

Before I travelled, I had no notion that mountain scenery was unreal. But besides the strangeness of finding common objects in new levels, and consequently in new situations, one has only to get into a retired nook, and one hears water and catches a glimpse of the tops of trees, but one sees nothing distinctly except the corner of rock on which one stands. One is surrounded by a multitude of well-known effects, so completely severed to the eye and to the fancy from their equally well-known and usually co-present causes, that one does not know what to make of them.

All things here are strange !
Rocks scarr'd like rough-hewn wood ! Ice brown as sand
Wet by the tide, and cleft, with depths between,
And streams outgushing from its frozen feet !
Snow-bridges arching over headlong torrents !
And then the sightless sounds, and noiseless motions,

Which hover round us! I should dream I dreamt,
But for those looks of kindness still unchanged.

Oh these mob torrents! here, with shows of fury,
Rushing submissive to an arch of snow,
That frailest fancy-work of Nature's idlesse;
There, threatening rocks, and rending ancient firs,
The sovereigns of the wood, yet overwhelmed
And dashed to the earth with hooting violence.

How many actions, like the Rhone, have
two sources, the one pure, the other im-
pure!

It is with great men as with great moun-
tains. They oppress us with awe when we
stand under them; they disappoint our in-
satiabile imaginations when we are nigh but
not quite close to them; and then the further
we recede from them, the more astonishing do
they grow to appear: till their bases being con-
cealed by intervening objects, they one mo-
ment seem miraculously raised above the earth,

and the next strike our fancies as let down from heaven.

The apparent and real progress of human affairs are both of them well illustrated in a waterfall; where the same noisy, bubbling eddies continue months and years together, though the water which occasions them changes momentarily. But as every drop in its passage tends to loosen and detach some particle of the channel, the stream is the whole time working a change in the future appearance of the fall, by altering its bed, and so subjecting the river, during its descent, to a new set of percussions and reverberations.

And what, when at last effected, is the consequence of this change? The foam breaks into shapes somewhat different; but the noise, the bubbling, and the eddies, continue as violent as before.

Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable ; they even dance ; and yet God in his wisdom has made them a part of oaks. And in so doing he has given us a lesson, not to deny the stout-heartedness within because we see the lightsomeness without.

How disproportionate are the projects and the means of men ! To raise a single church to a single Apostle, the monuments of antiquity were ransacked and salvation was doled out at a price ; and yet its principal gate has been left unfinished, and its Holy of Holies is encrusted with stucco.

On entering St. Peter's, my first impulse was to throw myself on my knees, and but for the fear of being observed by my companions, I must have bowed my face to the ground and kissed the pavement. I moved slowly up the

nave, oppressed by the feeling of my own littleness; and when I at last reached the brazen canopy, and my spirit sank within me beneath the sublimity of the dome, I felt that, as the ancient Romans could not condemn Manlius within sight of the Capitol, so it would be impossible for an Italian of the present day to renounce Popery under the dome of St. Peter's.

The germ of idolatry is contained in the disposition of man's feelings and imagination to take their impressions from external objects, rather than from the dictates of the reason; under real control to which they scarcely can be brought, without a great impairing of their energies.

A merciful indulgence to this principle of our nature may possibly have numbered among the reasons which induced God to show himself in the flesh. At least one may apparently trace

the influence of this prime motive, equally in the Jewish scheme and in the Christian. In both, the Deity palpably revealed himself to the outward senses of his people; in both he personally addressed himself by acts of loving-kindness to their affections. It is not for being redeemed that we are called on to feel thankful; but for being redeemed by the blood of the God-man Jesus, which he poured out for us upon the cross. So it was not simply as God that Jehovah was to be worshipped by the Jews; but as the God of their fathers, who had brought them out of the house of bondage, whose voice they had heard and lived, who had chosen them to be his people, and given them laws and a land flowing with milk and honey.

The last sentence has suggested to me a query of some importance. *Out of the house of bondage*—What says the advocate of colonial slavery to this? that the bondage was no evil? that the deliverance of a people from personal

slavery was not a work befitting God's own right hand? Or will he rather tell us that the cases differ? that the animal wants of the Israelites were ill attended to? that they were ill-fed? This at least will never serve his purpose; for the flesh-pots of Egypt are proverbial. What will serve it, I leave him to discover, only advising him to beware of relying much on the order to expose the Hebrew children. If he does, it will give way under him. Meanwhile, to those religious men who are labouring for the emancipation of the Negroes, amid the various doubts and difficulties wherewith in politics every great measure is beset, it must needs be an inspiring thought, that to rescue a race of men from personal slavery and raise them to the rank and self-respect of independent beings, is, in the truest sense of the word, a godlike task; inasmuch as it is a task the like of which, God's book tells us, God hath accomplished. *But these things*, as St. Paul, speaking of the Pen-

tateuch, expressly says, *were written for our instruction.*

Often would the lad
Watch with sad fixedness the summer sun
In blood-red blaze sink hero-like to rest—
Then, *Oh to set like thee ! but I, alas !*
*Am weak, a poor unnoticed shepherd boy.**
'Twas that *alas !* undid him. His ambition,
Once the vague instinct of his nobleness,
Thus tempered in the glowing furnace-heat
Of lone repinings and aye-present aims,
Brightened to hope, and hardened to resolve.
To hope ! What hope is that, whose clearest ray
Is drenched with mother's tears ! what that resolve,
Whose strength is ill, whose instrument is death !

There is something melancholy and displeasing
in the absolute abandonment of any institution
designed for good : it is too plain a con-

* Since these lines were written, a fine passage, expressive of the feelings with which an ambitious lad sits watching the setting sun, has been pointed out to me in the *Robbers*.

fession of intellectual weakness, too manifest a receding in good purposes before the brute power of Circumstance. Besides, any one can amputate : the difficulty and the object is to restore. To revivify lifeless forms ; to catch their departed spirit and embody it in another shape ; to substitute for institutions now grown obsolete, such new ones as are calculated to modify and direct the existing mass of thought and character, and thereby do for the present age, what the old in their vigour did for the past : these are things worth living a politician's life with all its labours and disgusts for. Alas ! if that alone sufficed, who would live any other ? But to perform the things just spoken of, the steadiest dexterity of the art is requisite, guided by the brightest illuminations of the science : and who is gifted with both these, when so few possess either ?

Quicquid credam valde credo must be the motto of every true poet. His belief is of the

heart, not of the head; and springs from himself, much more than from the object.

It is curious that we express personality and unity by the same symbol.

In what country is polygamy most frequent? is it in England?

In some cases the mistress has been so much a wife, it only remains for the wife to be a mistress.

Yet, strictly speaking, it is just as impossible for any but a wife to be a wife, as for any but a wife to be a mother. And the Wisdom he has worshipped exclaims through the lips of a great French philosopher: "N'en croyez pas les romans: il faut être épouse pour être mère." *Bonald. Pensées*, p. 97.

Xerxes, we are told, promised a great reward to the inventor of a new pleasure. What would

he not promise, did he live in our days, to the inventor of a new incident? Fancy and chance have long since come to an end, the one of its combinations, the other of its *leger-de-main*;

“ And the huge book of faery-land lies closed,
And those strong brazen clasps will yield no more.”

But since the fictitious sources of poetry are thus as it were drunken up, is poetry to fail with them? and if not, from whence shall it be supplied? From the inexhaustible springs of truth and feeling, which are ever gurgling and boiling up for it in the caverns of the human heart.

It is an uncharitable error—would it were an uncommon one!—to attribute the delight with which unpoetical persons often speak of a mountain-tour, to affectation. The delight is as real as mutton and beef, with which, indeed, it has a closer connexion than the travellers themselves suspect; arising in great measure

from the good effects of mountain air, regular exercise, and wholesome diet, upon the spirits. This is sensual perhaps, though not improperly so: but it is no concession to the materialist. I deny not that my neighbour has a soul, by referring in him a particular gratification to the body.

Poetry should be an alterative; but modern play-wrights have converted it into a sedative, which they administer in such unseasonable quantities that, like an overdose of opium, it makes one sick.

Time is no agent, as some people appear to think it, that it should accomplish any thing of itself. Looking at a heap of stones for a thousand years, will do no more toward making a house of them, than looking at it for one moment. The cause is obvious. Time, when applied to works of any kind, being only a suc-

cession of relevant acts, each furthering the work to be accomplished, it is clear that even an infinite succession of irrelevant, and consequently useless acts, would no more achieve or forward the completion of it, than an infinite number of jumps in the same place would advance one toward a journey's end; for there is a motion without progress, in time as well as space; where that has often remained stationary which appeared to us, in leaving it behind, to have receded.

There is a sort of ostracism continually going on against the best, both of men and measures. And the good habitually purchase the acquiescence of the bad, by consenting to be satisfied with the second, third, or even fourth best, according as they can make their bargain.

Courage, when it is not heroic self-sacrifice, is sometimes a modification and sometimes a

result of faith. How vast a field is opened then to man ! by establishing faith and its modifications upon the power and truth of God. Had this great Gospel virtue (which, as the New Testament philosophically affirms, has power to remove mountains), had it, I say, been really and extensively influential, what height of perfection might we, or rather, what height might we not, have reached ? For as the apparent impossibilities which limit man's exertions receded, his views would have proportionably extended themselves : so that, considering how the removal of a single obstacle often discloses unimagined paths and opens the way to undreamt-of advances, our wishes might perhaps afford a surer measure even than our hopes, for calculating what would have been the actual progress of man under the impulse of this master principle. Who, notwithstanding the Vicar of Wakefield, twenty years ago thought that practicable, which Mrs. Fry has shown to be almost easy ?

From a narrow notion of human duty, men imagine that the devout and social affections are the only qualities stunted in us by practical unbelief. Would it were so! We should not now have to deplore that limited sphere of knowledge, that dearth of heroic action, that scarcity of land-marks and pinnacles in virtue, for which cowardly man has to thank only his doubts of what he can accomplish, God assisting. We could in any wise have had but one discoverer of America: but we should have then been blest with many Columbuses. For, as Bacon teaches in his *Essay on Atheism*, "Take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God or *melior natura*; which courage is manifestly such, as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself

upon divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain. Therefore, as Atheism is in all respects hateful, so it is especially in this, that it destroys magnanimity, and depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty." But although this be most truly spoken against Atheism, I may be told perhaps that no such thing is to be found now, and may be asked *Who are Atheists?* I answer with sorrow and awe, *Practically every man is an Atheist, who lives without God in the world.*

Friendship is Love with jewels on, but without either flowers or veil.

Juliet's flow of feeling is a proof of her purity.

As oftentimes in walking through a wood near sunset, though the sun himself be hidden

from our view by the height and bushiness of the trees immediately around, yet we know him to be still above the horizon, from seeing his beams in the open glades before us illuminate a thousand leaves, the several brightnesses of which are so many evidences of his presence: so it is with the Holy Spirit. He works indeed in secret; but his work is manifest in the life of all true Christians. Lamps so heavenly must have been lighted from on high.

As the Epicureans had a Deism without a God, so the Unitarians have a Christianity without a Christ, and a Jesus but no Saviour.

Christian prudence passes for a want of worldly courage, just as Christian courage does for a want of worldly prudence. But the two qualities are easily reconciled. When we have outward circumstances to contend with, what need we fear, God with us? When we have

sin and temptation to contend with, what should we not fear? God leaving our defence to our own hearts, which at the first attack will surrender to the enemy, and go over at the first solicitation.

Of Christian courage I have just spoken: on Christian prudence it is well said, that *he who loves danger shall perish by it*. “If a man will fight the devil at his own weapon, he must not wonder at finding himself overmatched.” *South’s 2d. Disc. on Temptation.*

Mark how the moon athwart yon snowy waste
An instant glares on us! then hides her head,
Curtained in thickest clouds, while half her orb
Hangs on the horizon like an urn of fire.
That too diminishes, drawn up toward heaven
By some invisible hand: and now ’tis gone;
And nought remains to man but anxious thoughts,
Why one so beautiful should frown on him;
With painful longings for a gift resumed,
And the aching sense that something has been lost.

*Plan for the prospective Alleviation of the
Poor-rates.*

I intreat any one who does not see the grievous evil of the poor-laws as now administered, or who doubts the necessity of applying to it some strong remedy, to read an article on those laws in the 66th number of the Quarterly Review. It is written professedly in their defence; and yet, unless with Malachi Malagrowth I called them *a cancer*, I could say nothing harder than is there said against their present administration, and its effects and tendencies; which the writer refers, apparently with reason, to an act passed in 1795, only thirty-one years ago! “enabling overseers, with the approbation of the parishioners, or any justice, *to relieve poor persons at their own homes.*” For nearly a century before the passing of that act the poor-rates had fluctuated but little; in the thirty-one years which have elapsed since, they

have risen from two to six millions; and if no measures are taken to stop the evil, they will probably increase still more. “ And yet the direct savings, which would accrue to the public from the adoption of a better system of supporting the poor, are not worth consideration, when contrasted with the indirect advantages which the community would derive from the amelioration of the character and habits of the agricultural labourer.”

The whole of the arguments and statements contained in the five pages immediately preceding the sentence which I have just quoted from the Review (437—451,) should be disseminated as widely as possible; and in particular, they should certainly be copied into every country newspaper, that every man, small as well as great, may have an opportunity of reading them. Almost every man in England is affected by this evil system; almost every man (except the farmers, who are the loudest in their complaints,) is directly

injured by it; the poor most. Let them, to use their own phrase, know the rights of the matter. Show them how great, how important a part of the system, as it now exists, is quite new. Appeal to their own experience, whether it is not most pernicious; and half the difficulty which impedes a thorough alteration of the poor-laws will be at an end. The repeal of the act of 1795, and the other improvements suggested by the reviewer, may do a good deal, especially for the payers of poor-rates. But I am disposed to go much further; not from any hardheartedness, or disregard to the happiness and welfare of the honest and industrious poor of this land, but from a belief that after a few years, when the evil effects of the present system are worn out of the character and habits of the English labourer, his condition would be improved by a complete change in our principles of legal charity. Old age is the only period of a poor man's life in which, if honest

and industrious, he would not be sorry to owe his regular support to any hands except his own; and in old age his comforts would be augmented, and, what is of still more consequence to him, his respectability would be increased; he would be a richer man, a more independent man, a man of greater consequence in the village circle, from the adoption of some such regulations as the following:

Instead of the present system of parochial relief, a prospective fund shall be established for the benefit of the poor, to be called the national poor-fund. Out of this fund, every labourer (paying, from the time he is sixteen till he is , the sum of weekly) shall at the age of sixty-five be entitled to receive the third of a hale labourer's average wages. That third at the end of four years shall be doubled; and at the end of eight years tripled: and thus at seventy-three the labourer, if he live so long,

will be entitled of right to receive weekly the full amount of a healthy labourer's wages.

The poor of large towns and manufacturers, I conceive, are shorter-lived than labourers. If so, they should be entitled to the benefits of the national poor-fund earlier. The trifle to be paid weekly both by them and by the agricultural labourers should be less, perhaps materially less, than what would be demanded by an insurance office guaranteeing the same prospective advantages.

Occasional distress, we know from experience, may be safely left to private charity: consequently there need not be any temporary relief; nor should there be, as that would re-open a door to all the present evils. And I think it better that there should also be as few poor-houses as possible. Orphans, and occasionally the aged, might in country parishes be boarded out (as is, or was, the custom at Lyons with the foundlings, who, instead of being reared in

the hospital, are put out to nurse) due care being taken to place the orphans with cottagers of good repute. But a member of the fund, if disabled by an accident, might at any age claim relief from it apportioned to his degree of maimedness.

Persons who in youth had not contributed to the fund, would in old age receive no relief from it. Contributions for less than years should be forfeited : but every man, paying up his dues for those years, and then discontinuing his contribution, should be entitled to relief proportionate. Whether he should begin to receive at sixty-five, only receiving less weekly, or should also begin to receive aid later, is a question I am not prepared to answer : perhaps the latter would be the better plan in most cases.

Of women I say nothing : but it would be easy to form a liberal scale—and liberal it should be—for them. Only I would allow contributors who die without benefiting by the fund, to be-

queath to women who are, or to female infants provided they become, contributors, the amount of one year's contribution for every . . . during which the testator may have contributed : such amount being carried to the account of the legatee, exactly as if she had paid it herself.

So much for the future. In the mean time, to prevent the evil from spreading among the present generation, it might be advisable to offer considerable advantages to persons between twenty and thirty, or perhaps even forty years of age, not receiving parish relief, who are disposed to become members. The chief difference would be, that they should still be admissible to occasional relief in case of sickness ; and also, if already married, to allowances for children ; to which last no persons now single should be deemed entitled for the future. Something might perhaps be gained too, by limiting the classes of persons entitled to relief : no manufacturer for instance, earning, or having it in his power to

earn, thirty shillings a week for five years, should continue to have a claim on his parish in case of any temporary pressure. Within this year or two, a great number of persons at Sheffield refused to work above four days in the week. And though there are few places now perhaps where the manufacturers are so unreasonable,* St. Monday at all events is proverbially kept by some, wherever gin is to be had for money. Now it is monstrous that the moment their earnings are curtailed, such persons should have a legal claim upon the land. Had they made the most of their sunshine, they would have laid by enough for the rainy day. To put them on the poor list, is a double robbery; an injustice both to ward those who pay the rate, and also to those persons who cannot help their poverty, and whose allowances might probably be increased

* At a village not fifty miles from the place where I am now writing, a clergyman, who resided there a long time as curate, tells me many of the inhabitants make two pounds a week; fifteen shillings of which, it is calculated on an average, find their way to the public house.

but for the number who, as the law now stands, have an equal claim on the parish. Much too might be done, and I hope will be, by a series of public works proportionate to our territory and population. Apparently we are now beginning to learn from the small republics of antiquity, that the proper state-provision for the active poor is either colonization or employment. Let the state employ sufficient hands, and give sufficient wages ; do nothing to lower the price of day-labour ; and the farmer must pay his labourers fair wages, instead of throwing them, as he too often does, for part of their subsistence on the overseer.

To return to my poor-fund : either a parliamentary grant must be voted yearly to increase it ; or—which would be far better, and should therefore be tried in the first instance—the rich should come forward to swell the fund by joining it as honorary subscribers. The rich did I say ? rather every one without exception should

belong to it, either as subscriber or contributor. It is the littles of the little which make the mickle.

Of the contributors I have spoken already.

For subscribers, the following proportion yearly, or something like it, would suffice. *One* pound for all who in any way have sixty pounds a year; *two* for all who have a hundred; and so on: only there should be a maximum established, and that not a large one; so that in rich families the wife might subscribe as much as the husband. All now liable to be rated should put in for every child above six or seven years old a trifle; which, in the case of the wealthy, should be as much, or nearly so, as they put in for themselves. Moreover, all masters should take care that their servants are subscribers, making them an allowance on purpose. For this they should be admitted to relief in old age, as they would now be, on making out a case of necessity. But only

bona-fide working-persons should be entitled to receive of right, as contributors to the fund, who are carefully to be distinguished from the subscribers in aid of it.

— I rise
From a perturbed sleep, broken by dreams
Of long and desperate conflict hand to hand,
Of wounds, and rage, and hard-earn'd victory,
And charging over falling enemies
With shouts of joy...How quiet is the night!
The trees are motionless ; the cloudless blue
Sleeps in the firmament ; the thoughtful moon,
With her attendant train of circling stars,
Seems to forget her journey thro' the heavens,
To gaze upon the beauties of the scene.
That scene how still ! no truant breeze abroad
To mar its quietness. The very brook,
So wont to prattle like a merry child,
Now creeps with caution o'er its pebbled way,
As if afraid to violate the silence.

The Jacobins in realizing their systems of fraternization, contrived always to be the elder brothers.

L.

Handsomeness is the more animal perfection, beauty the more imaginative. A handsome Madonna I cannot conceive, and never saw a handsome Venus; but I have seen many a handsome country-girl, and some few very handsome ladies.

There would not be half the difficulty in doing right, but for the frequent occurrence of cases where the lesser virtues are on the side of wrong.

Curiosity is little more than another name for Hope.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse, and not from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to imagine them.

There is an honest unwillingness to pass off another's observations for one's own, which makes a man appear pedantic.

Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint . . Immo vivant . . provided they are worthy to live. So may we have the satisfaction of knowing (what literary incentive can be greater?) that we too have been permitted to utter sacred words, and to think the thoughts of great minds.

The commentator guides and lights us to the altar erected by the author, although it is at the flame upon that altar that he must have kindled his torch. And what are Art and Science, if not a running commentary on Nature? what are poets and philosophers but torch-bearers leading us toward the innermost chambers of God's holy temples, the sensuous and the spiritual world? Books, as Dryden has aptly termed them, are spectacles to read nature. Homer and Aristotle, Shakspeare and Bacon, are the priests who preach and expound the mysteries of the universe: they teach us to decypher and syllable the characters wherewith it is inscribed. Do

you not, since you have read Wordsworth, feel a fresh and more thoughtful delight whenever you hear a cuckoo, whenever you see a daisy, whenever you play with a child? Have not Thucydides and Dante assisted you in discovering the tides of feeling and the currents of passion by which events are borne along the ocean of Time? Can you not discern something more in man, now that you look on him with eyes purged and unscaled by gazing upon Shakspeare and Goethe? From these terrestrial and celestial globes we learn the configuration of the earth and of the heavens. But wheresoever good is done, good is received in return. The law of reciprocation is not confined to the physical system of things: in the career of benevolence and beneficence every action is followed by a corresponding reaction. Intellectual light is not poured as from a lantern, leaving the bearer in the shade: on the contrary, it supplies us with the faculty of beholding and contemplating the luminary from

which it emanates. The more familiar we become with nature, the greater the veneration and love we return with unto them by whom we were initiated; and as they have taught us to understand Nature, Nature as it were teaches us to understand them.

It is just so with landscape-painting. "When I have been travelling in Italy (says a modern writer), how often have I exclaimed, *How like a picture!* and I remember once, while watching a most glorious sunset from the banks of the Arno, I caught myself saying, *This is truly one of Claude's sunsets.* Now when I again see one of my favourite Grosvenor Claudes, I shall probably exclaim, *How natural! how like what I have seen so often on the Arno, or from the Monte Pincio!*"—(*Journal of an Ennuyée*, p. 335.)

Hence it is easy to perceive why what is called a taste for the Picturesque can never arise in a country, until it has been submitted to a long process of intellectual culture: it is because an

eye for the picturesque can only be formed by looking at pictures : that is primarily. In this, as in other cases, it is by Art that we are first led more diligently to fix our attention and reflexion on the beauties of Nature : though of course, when such attention and reflexion have become general, they may be excited even in such as have never seen a picture. When therefore we are told that the earliest passages to be found in any ancient author, which savour of what we should now call poetical description, are in the epistles of Pliny, we must not infer that Pliny had a livelier and intenser love of Nature than any ancient poet : supposing the remark to be just, (and I cannot here stop to inquire into the degree of its accuracy) all it would show is, that Pliny was, what we know him to have been, a man of *virtù*, a picture-fancier, and that people in his day were beginning to look at Nature in the mirror of Art. It is a great mistake, however, to conclude that men

are insensible to the beauties which they are not always talking about and analysing, that the love of Nature is a new feeling because the taste for the picturesque is a modern taste. When the mountaineer descends into the plain, he soon begins to pine with love of his native hills, and has been often known to fall sick, yea even to die, of that love : yet, had he never left them, you would never have heard him prate about them. "The shallowest streams are the noisiest : " it is an old saying, but never out of season, least of all in this age, of which the fit symbol would be, not, like the Ephesian personification of Nature, *multimamma*, for it neither brings forth nor nourishes, but *multilingua*. Your *amateur* on the other hand will talk by the ell, or if you wish it by the mile, about the charms of Nature : but I never heard yet of his love causing him the slightest uneasiness.

It is only by the perception of some contrast, that we become conscious of our feelings : yet

the feelings may exist for centuries without the consciousness ; and still, when they are mighty, they will overpower Consciousness ; when they are deep, he will be unable to fathom their depths. Love has indeed been called “ loquacious as a vernal bird ;” and with truth : but this loquacity comes on him mostly in the absence of the beloved. Here too the old illustration holds : the deep stream is not heard until some obstacle is opposed to it. But can any body, travelling down the Rhine, believe that the builders and tenants of those castles, wherewith every rock is crested, were insensible to all the glories around them ? Is it quite impossible that they should have felt almost as much as your sentimental tourist, who returns to his chamber in some metropolis and puffs out his misty feelings through his quill ? Is the moon made by the halo about it ? Give me the love of the bird that broods over her own nest, rather than of her that lays her eggs in

the nest of another, albeit she warble about parental affection as sweetly as Rousseau or Lord Byron.

Add to this, that in every country where there are national legends, they are always deeply and indelibly impressed with a feeling of the magnificence or the loveliness in the midst of which they have arisen. Indeed they are often little else than the expression and outpouring of those feelings; and I believe, such primitive poetical legends will hardly be found except in the bosom of a beautiful country, growing up in it, and pendent from it, almost like fruit from a tree. The powerful influence of natural scenery in the construction of the Greek mythology, is philosophically traced by Wordsworth in one of the finest passages in the *Excursion*, (Book iv. pp. 173, 179.) Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, turn to that precious book and study it; if you are, you will not need my recommendation to take it up again and again. The principles are

of universal application: you may discern their workings in the traditions of the Highlands, of the Rhine, of Bohemia, of Sweden and Norway; in short, of every country in which poetry has been indigenous.

In the ancient poets, as in the earlier painters, in Raphael for instance and in Leonardo, the landscape is only the scene where man is to act and human feelings are to be manifested. But the progress of society is in all things from unity to partition : its motto is *divide* ; and it seems to expect that the empire will follow as a matter of course. And thus, as the coat was severed from the waistcoat, and the hose of our ancestors were dismembered into two or more distinct articles of dress ; so likewise it happened in painting : the landscape gradually rose in importance. In the theatrical representations of the day, the scene-painter is often far more of a poet than the play-wright ; thus it

was found easier to put poetical feeling into stocks and stones, into trees and hills, than into human forms. In this manner landscape-painting in course of time became a distinct province of the art.

U.

Thought sprouts from thought, as toadlet from toad. The foregoing remark has suggested to me a guess that we may hereafter come to have theatrical representations in which the scenery shall be all-in-all, unpolluted by the intrusion of any human footstep. The Diorama points out the manner in which the effect may perhaps be produced; and if one could but get a steam-engine with a forty-brush power to paint, all the rest would be easy.

Dramatic cattle-pieces have already been exhibited in the Spanish bull-fights, the English cock-fights, and long since on a colossal scale in the Roman amphitheatres.

U.

Europe was conceived to be on the point of

dissolution. Burke heard the death-watch, and rang the alarm. A hollow sound passed from nation to nation, like that which announces the splitting and breaking up of the ice in the regions around the pole. Well! the politicians and economists, and the doctors in state-craft, resolved to avert the stroke of vengeance, not indeed by actions like those of the Curtii and Decii; — such actions are extravagant and chivalrous and superstitious and patriotic and heroic and self-devoting, and altogether unbecoming and unseemly in men of sense, who know that selfishness is the only source of all good,—but by borrowing a device from the Arabian fabulist. They seem to think they shall appease the minister of wrath, if they can but get him to hear out their thousand and one constitutions.

U.

The strength of a nation, humanly speaking, consists not in its population, or wealth, or know-

ledge, or in any other such heartless and merely scientific elements, but in the number of its proprietors.

U.

They who are not aware of the manner in which national character and political institutions mutually are acted on and act till they gradually mould each other, have never reflected on the theory of new shoes : which leads me to remark, that modern constitution-mongers have shown themselves as unskilful and inconsiderate in making shoes, as the old, limping, sore-footed aristocracies of the Continent have been intractable and impatient in wearing them. The one insisted that the boot must fit, because, after the fashion of Laputa, it had been cut to diagram ; the others would bear nothing on their feet in any degree hard or common. " Leather is the natural covering of the hands ; on them we will still wear it : on the legs it is ignoble and masculine. Any other sacrifice

we are content to make ; but our feet must continue, as heretofore, swathed up in fleecy hosiery, especially when we ride or walk. It is a reward we may justly claim for condescending to acts so toilsome : it is a privilege we have inherited, with the gout of our immortal ancestors, and we cannot in honour give it up. But you say the privilege must be abolished, because the commodity is scarce. Let the people then make *their* sacrifice, and give up stockings."

Beauty is perfection unmodified by a predominating expression.

Song is the tone of emotion. Like poetry, the language of emotion, art should regulate, and perhaps modify it. But whenever such a modification is introduced as destroys the predominancy of the emotion,—which yet happens in ninety-nine settings out of a hundred, and

with nine hundred and ninety-nine taught singers out of a thousand—the essence is sacrificed to what should be the accident; and we get notes indeed, but not singing.

But if song be the tone of emotion, what is beautiful singing? The balance of emotion, not the absence of it.

Close boroughs are said to be an oligarchical innovation on the ancient constitution of England. But on the other hand, are not the forty-shilling freeholders, as they now exist, a democratical innovation? The one may balance and neutralize the other; and if so, the constitution will practically remain unaltered by the accession of these two new opposite and equal powers. But to destroy the former innovation, without at the same time taking away the latter, must change the original system of our polity in reality as well as in idea.

This may serve for answer to the *Antiquarian*

Reformers, as Coleridge in *The Friend* calls them. L.

He who learns not from events, rejects the lessons of experience : he who judges from the event, makes fortune an assessor in his judgments.

A colossal rock covered with ever-greens . . such is a true poet ; such is Wordsworth.

What an instance of the misclassification and misconception produced by a general term, is the common mistake which looks on the Greeks and the Romans as one and the same, because they are both called ancients !

The difference between desultory reading and a course of study may be well illustrated, by comparing the former to a number of mirrors placed in a straight line so that each of them

reflects a different object, the latter to the same number so artfully arranged as to perpetuate one set of objects in an endless succession of reflexions.

If we read two books on the same subject, the contents of the second bring under review the statements and arguments of the first; the errors of which are little likely to escape this kind of *proving*, if I may so call it; while the truths are more strongly imprinted on the memory, not merely by repetition, though that too is of use, but by the deeper conviction thus wrought into the mind, of their being verily and indeed truths. Would you then restrict the mind to a single line of study? No more than I would restrict the body to any single kind of labour. The surest way of cramping and deforming both, is to confine them entirely to some employment which keeps a few of their powers or muscles in violent action, leaving the rest to shrink and

stiffen from inertness. Liberal exercise is necessary for both. The best for the mind perhaps is poetry: for abstract truth, ever in severe studies the main thing to be ascertained, has no link wherewith to attach our sympathies to man; nay, rather withers the fibres by which our hearts would otherwise lay hold on him, absorbing our affections and diverting them from man, who, taken in the concrete and as he exists, is the antipode of abstract truth. High therefore and precious must be the worth and benefit of poetry: which taking men as individuals, and drawing into strong light the portions and degrees of truth latent in every human feeling, reconciles us to our kind; and shews that a devotedness to truth, however it may alienate the mind from man, only unites it more affectionately to men, in their various relations of love, (for love is truth,) as children and fathers and husbands and citi-

zens, and, one day perhaps much more than it has hitherto done, as Christians.

Vice is the greatest of all jacobins, the arch-levellor.

Oftentimes the supposed increasers of knowledge have only given a new name, and a worse, to what every body knew before.

God did not make harps, nor pirouettes, nor crayon-drawing, nor the names of all the great cities in Africa, nor conchology, nor the *contes moraux*, and a proper command of countenance and prudery, and twenty other things of the sort. They must be all taught then; or how should a poor girl know any thing about them?

But health, strength, the heart, the soul, with their fairest inmates, modesty, cheerfulness, truth, purity, fond affection; all these things he

did make ; and so they may be safely left to nature. Nobody can suppose it to be mamma's fault, if they don't come of themselves.

In a criminal passion, disappointment is the greatest misery which can befall a man . . next to success.

Offenders may be divided into two classes, the old in crime and the young. The old and hardened criminal must, in becoming so, have acquired a confidence in his own fate-fencedness, or, as he would call it, his luck. The young, then, are the only offenders whom the law is likely to intimidate : and to these, imprisonment or transportation cannot but look much less formidable, when they see it bestowed as a commutation, rather than awarded as a penalty. It is no longer transportation, but getting off with transportation ; and doubtless it is often urged in this shape on the novice as an argument for

crime : so that, in all likelihood, the threat of death, in cases where it can rarely be executed, is worse than nugatory, nay, is positively pernicious.

These remarks refer chiefly, if not exclusively, to such laws as are still continually violated. With those which, having accomplished the purpose they were framed for, live only in the character of the people, let no reformer, until he has studied and refuted Col. Frankland's *Speech on Sir S. Romilly's Bills for making alterations in the Criminal Law*, presume to meddle.

It is an odd device, when a fellow commits a crime, to send him for it to the Antipodes. Could one shove him thither in a straight line, it might be well ; especially as in that case he might supply some useful hints to my friends who are now busily asking mother Earth what she is made of. But that a knave by picking a pocket should earn the circuit of half the globe, seems really meant as a parody on the

conceptions of those who would fain persuade themselves that the happiness of a future life will consist in making the tour of all the countries they have not seen in the present. How admirably contrived this scheme is, to render punishment as expensive and burthensome as possible to the state inflicting it, "there's never a lawyer in England but knows." Let this pass however : one must not grudge a little money, when a great moral good is to be accomplished. True, it would be much cheaper to employ our convicts in hard labour at home : but how could Botany Bay go on, if the importation of vice were put a stop to ? For, as there is nothing too bad to manure a new soil with, so, reasoning by analogy, there can be no scoundrels too bad to people a new land with. The argument halts a little, and seems to be club-footed, and is assuredly top-heavy. In all well-policied cities the inhabitants are compelled to get rid of their own dirt in such a way that it shall be no nui-

sance to the neighbourhood. It is singular that the English, of all nations the nicest on this head, should, in their politic capacity, deem it justifiable and seemly to toss the dregs and feces of the community into the midst of their neighbour's estate. Deportation, as the French termed it, for political offences may possibly be expedient and beneficial and just : it may lead to the formation of states, great from the strength of the moral principle that cements them : it, or somewhat similar measures, led to the formation of that state which, above all the nations of the éarth, has reason, so far as mortal may glory, to glory in its origin, Pensylvania. But transportation for moral offences is in every light impolitic, injurious, and unjust. " Plantations (says Bacon, speaking of Colonies,) are amongst ancient, primitive, and heroical works. But it is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men, to be the people with whom you plant." If any persons

are to be selected by preference for such objects, they ought rather to be the best, the most prudent, the most virtuous of the whole nation ; inasmuch as their task is the most arduous, requiring Wisdom to put forth all her implements and all her craft for its sufficient execution : their responsibility is the heaviest, for on them will the character of a whole people for ages be mainly dependant ; and they will meet with much to dishearten them, much to tempt them astray, without being protected against their own hearts, and upheld and fortified in their good resolves, as in a regulated state all men are, by the healthy and cordial influences of Law and Custom and Opinion. O that statesmen would consider what a glorious privilege they enjoy, when they are allowed to become the fathers of a new nation ! But this seems to be one of the things which God has reserved entirely to himself.

Once on a time there was a certain country in which, from local circumstances, the land could be divided no way so conveniently as into four-sided figures. A mathematician having remarked this, ascertained the laws of all such figures, and laid them down fully and accurately. His countrymen learned to esteem him a philosopher; and his precepts were observed religiously for years. A convulsion of nature at length changed the face and local character of the district: whereupon a skilful surveyor, being employed to lay out some fields in it afresh, ventured to give one of them five sides. The innovation is talked of universally, and almost half applauded by some of the younger and bolder members of the community; when a big-mouthed and weighty doctor, to set the matter at rest for ever, quotes the authority of the above-mentioned mathematician, *that fixer of agricultural positions and grand landmark of posterity*, who had demonstrated to the

weakest apprehensions that a field ought never to have more than four sides, and ends by proving, what perhaps few are inclined to dispute, that a pentagon has more.

This weighty doctor is one of a herd : every body knows he knows not how many such. Among them are the critics, “ who feel by rule and think by precedent.” To instance only in the melody of verse : nothing can be clearer than that a polysyllabic language will fall into different cadences from a language which abounds in monosyllables. The character of languages too in this respect often varies greatly with their age, as they usually drop many syllables behind them in their progress through time. Yet we continually hear the rule-and-precedent critics condemn verses for differing from the rhythm of more ancient ; just as if there could be only one good tune in metre.

For the motives of a man's actions, hear his friend ; for their prudence and propriety, his enemy. In our every-day judgements we are apt to jumble the two together : if we see an action is unwise, accusing it of being ill-intentioned ; and if we know it to be well-intentioned, persuading ourselves it must be wise : both foolishly ; the first perhaps the most so.

Abuse I'd adduce, were there use in abusing,
But now 'tis a habit you'll not lose by losing.
So reproof . . were it proof, I'd approve your reproving ;
But, till it convinces, you'd better love loving.

How many Christians have imbibed the spirit of their master's beautiful and most kindly parable of the tares, which the servants are forbidden to pluck up, lest they root up also the wheat with them ? Never have there been wanting such as, like the servants, come and give notice of the

tares, and ask leave to go and gather them up; and alas! even in that Church which professes to follow Jesus, and calls itself after his sacred name, the ruling principle has often been to destroy the tares, let what will come of the wheat, nay, sometimes to destroy the wheat, lest perchance a tare should be left standing. Indeed I know not who can be said to have acted even up to the letter of this command, unless it be authors toward their own works.

U.

It is not without a whimsical analogy to polemical fulminations, that great guns are loaded with iron, pistols and muskets fire lead, rapidly, incessantly, fatiguingly, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred they say without effect.

Knowledge is the parent of love; Wisdom, love itself.

The independence of the men who buy their seats—a foreigner would think I am speaking of a theatre—in the House of Commons, is often urged by the opposers of Parliamentary Reform as an advantage resulting from the present system. And independent those gentlemen are certainly, at least of the people of England whose interests they have in charge. But the parliamentary balance has two ends; and shewing that a certain body of members are not dependent on the people, I fear, will hardly pass for proof that they are not hangers on at all. *Independent*, then, is not the fittest term to describe these members by; the plain and proper word is *irresponsible*. Now that they are so may be unavoidable, may be desirable even, for the sake of some contingent good: but can it be good in itself, and for itself? can it be a thing to boast of? Observe, we are talking of representatives, not of peers or king.

In proportion as every word stands for a separate conception, language comes nearer to the accuracy and unimpressiveness of Algebraic characters, so useful when the particular links in a chain of reasoning possess no intrinsic value, and important only as connecting the premises with the conclusion. But circumlocutions magnify details ; and their march being sedate and stately, the mind can keep pace with them without running itself out of breath. In the due mixture of these two modes of expression, lies the great secret of an argumentative style. As a general rule, the first should prevail more in writing, the last in speaking ; circumlocution being to words what repetition is to arguments. The first too is the fitter dress for a short logical sentence ; the last for a long one in which the feelings are any wise appealed to : though to recommend in the same breath making shortness more short and lengthening length, may sound paradoxical. Yet this amounts to much

the same as the old Stoic illustration, when
“ Zeno manu demonstrare solebat, quid inter
dialecticos et oratores interesset : nam cum com-
presserat digitos pugnumque fecerat, dialecticam
aiebat ejusmodi esse : cum autem diduxerat, et
manum dilataverat, palmæ illius similem elo-
quentiam esse dicebat.” (*Cicero Orat. 32.*)

Oratory may be symbolized by a warrior's eye
flashing from beneath a philosopher's brow. But
why a warrior's eye, rather than a poet's? Be-
cause in oratory the will must predominate.

To talk without effort is, after all, the great
charm of talking.

The proudest word in English, to judge by its
way of carrying itself, is *I*. It is the least of
monosyllables, if it be indeed a syllable : and
yet who, in good society, ever saw a little one ?

Foreigners find it hard work to make out all the importance which every well-bred Englishman, as in duty bound, attaches to himself: they cannot conceive why, whenever they have to speak in the first person, they must stand on tiptoe, so to say, and uplift themselves until they tower like Ajax, with head and shoulders above their comrades: hence in their letters, as in those of the uneducated among our own countrymen, one now and then stumbles on a little *i*, with a shock of disappointment, as on coming to a short step in a flight of stairs. A Frenchman is far too courteous and polished to thrust himself at full length into his neighbour's face. Indeed this big one-lettered pronoun is quite peculiar to John Bull, as much so as Magna Charta, wherewith it may perchance be not altogether unconnected. At least it certainly is in many respects an apt symbol of our national character, both in some of its better and of its harsher features. You may

discern therein the Englishman's freedom, his unbending firmness, his straightforwardness, his individuality of character: you may also see his self-importance, his arrogance, his opinionativeness, his tendency to separate and seclude himself from his neighbours, and to look down on all mankind with contempt. In the same way in which he has bared his representative *I* of all its consonants and adjuncts, has he also stript his soul of its consonants, of all the social and affable qualities which smooth the intercourse between man and man, and by the help of which people unite readily with one another. Look at four Englishmen in a stage-coach: the odds are, they will be sitting as stiff and unsociable as four *Is*. v.

But is *I* a syllable? It has hardly a better claim to the title than Orson, before he left the woods, had to be called a family. By the by, they who would derive all language from simple

sounds by their juxtaposition, and all society from savages, may see in *I* and Orson—the rules of grammar must give way; for the savage *I* is indeclinable, and had I said *me*, it might lead the reader to certain ungainly conclusions—that the isolated state is quite as likely to be posterior to the social, as to be anterior: you have only to strip vowels of their consonants, man of his kindly affections, which always dry up and drop off of themselves in the absence of objects to act upon.

U.

I have mentioned individuality of character as distinctive of the English. Perhaps it is not so much peculiarly ours, as common to us with the other nations of the Teutonic race. But at all events there is a very remarkable contrast in this respect between us and those nations in whose character, as in their language, the Celtic or Latin blood is predominant. Landor, who has been residing for many years among the

latter, could not fail of noticing this peculiarity, and has alluded to it more than once in his *Conversations*. “ I have often observed (he says) more variety in a single English household, than I believe to exist in all Italy.” (*Imaginary Conversations*, vol. ii. p. 285, 2d edit.) Talk to a dozen Englishmen on any subject ; there will be something in the remarks of each, peculiar and characteristic of the individual : talk to a dozen Frenchmen ; they will all make exactly the same remark, and almost in the same words. Nor is this sameness merely apparent, the result of inattention to the minuter shades of difference, as in a flock of sheep an inexperienced eye is unable to discern one from another : it is that the generic and specific qualities are proportionably stronger in them, that they all tread in the same sheeptrack, that they all follow their noses, and that their noses, like those of cattle when a storm is coming on, all point the same way. A traveller cannot go far through the country,

but something will be said about passports. I have heard twenty people talk of them at different times : of course they all thought them excellent things . . that belongs to national vanity ; what is curious, is that they every single one thought them excellent things for the selfsame reason, because they prevent thieves and murderers from escaping. I happened to be in Paris at the time of the great eclipse in 1820, and was watching it from the gardens of the Tuilleries. Several voices from a groupe near me, cried out one after the other, *Ah, comme c'est drôle ! Regardez, comme c'est drôle !* Having my sympathy little moved by such vociferations, I walked off ; but go whither I would, the same sounds still haunted me : old men and children, young men and maidens, all joined in the same cry : *C'est bien drôle ! Regardez, comme c'est drôle ! Ah, comme c'est drôle !* All Paris had tongues enough indeed, for these were never scarce there : but it had only one single

soul ; and this one soul, even under the influence of that which “ perplexes nations,” could not give utterance to or contain more than one single feeling, that what they saw was very *drôle*.

U.

The monotony of French versification is only a symptom of that which pervades their whole character, and herewith, of necessity, the representative and exponent of that character, their literature, since the age of Louis XIV. But this readiness to suppress and give up all the peculiarities distinctive of individuality is common, as I before remarked, to all the nations of the Latin stock ; and it is scarcely less noticeable in the Romans than in the rest. Indeed this is one principal distinction, whereunto most of the others are referable, between the literature of the Greeks and Romans. In the former every author is himself, and has features by which you may always recognize him : but every Roman writer, as Fre-

Herick Schlegel very justly remarks, is in the first place a Roman; and next a Roman of a particular age: that portion of him which is peculiarly his own, is in every instance the least. "*Pars minima ipse sui.*" You may find page after page in Tacitus and Seneca and the elder Pliny, which, but for the difference of the subject, might have been composed by any one of the three; and if Lucan had not written in verse, the trio might have been a quartett. U.

Every body has heard of one speech in Seneca's *Medea*, small as may be the number of those whose acquaintance with that poet has gone further: for the very conception of a tragedy written by a Stoic is any thing but inviting, and may be deemed scarcely less incongruous than a garden made of granite. Nor in truth does this furnish an unsuitable emblem of those tragedies; the thoughts are about as hard and stiff, and the characters have almost as much

life in them. Still there is one speech which has had quite as much notoriety as it deserves. When Medea's nurse dissuades her, by representing the forlornness of her situation,

Abiere Colchi ; conjugis nulla est fides ;
Nihilque superest opibus e tantis tibi :

her answer is,

Medea superest :

and thus far finely ; but the rhetorician never knew when to have done, in the accumulation either of wealth or of words. For Truth and Genius are simple and brief : Affectation and Hypocrisy, whether moral or intellectual, are aware that their words are mere bubbles, and blow them till they burst. What follows is wild nonsense.—

Medea superest : hic mare et terras vides,
Ferrumque et ignes et Deos et fulmina.

Now how would you translate the two words, *Medea superest* ? They are easy enough to construe : but an English poet would hardly say, *Medea remains*. The problem has been solved

in a modern opera, of little worth, save for the opportunity it has afforded to Madame Pasta of putting forth her extraordinary dramatic powers: and few who have heard it, will easily forget the exclamation wherewith she repels Jason's question, *Che mi resta*; the simple pronoun *Io*. The situations are somewhat unlike; but the latter passage is evidently an imitation of the former, though perhaps at second or third hand, the change in the expression being only such as arises naturally, and almost necessarily, from the different character of the age. An ancient poet could not have used the pronoun; a modern poet could hardly use the proper name.

A little reflection on these circumstances and their causes, would throw much light on the essential distinctions between the genius of antiquity and of modern times. I will only remark here, that such as would seek an explanation of the phenomenon in the well-known practice of

children to speak of themselves in the third person, may chance to go beyond their warrant, if they are hereby led to infer that Eschylus and Sophocles were childish.

U.

A crumpled rose-leaf lay in my path. There was one little stain on it; but it was still very sweet. Why was it to be trampled under foot, or looked on as food for swine?

There is as much difference between good poetry and fine verses, as between the smell of a flower-garden and of a perfumer's shop.

When you see an action in itself noble, to suspect the soundness of its motive, is like supposing every high thing, mountains among the rest, to be hollow. Yet, how many unbelieving believers pride themselves on this uncharitable folly! These are your silly vulgar-wise, your shallow men of penetration, who

measure all things by their own littleness, and who, by professing justly to know nothing else, seem to fancy they earn a right to know human nature exclusively. Let none such be trusted in their judgements upon any one, not even on themselves always.

There are certain writers of works of fiction, who seem to delight in playing at cup and ball as it were with vice and virtue. Is it *right* you thought you saw? you find it to be *wrong*: *wrong*? presto! it has become *right*. Their hero is always a moral prodigy, usually profligate, often murderous, not seldom both; but, whether both or either, always virtuous. Possessing, as they inform us, an excellent understanding, anxious, as he is evermore assuring us, at whatever cost to do right, he is continually falling into actions atrocious and detestable; not from the sinfulness of human nature, not from carelessness or presumption or rashly dallying with

temptation; but because the world is a moral labyrinth, every winding in which leads infallibly to monstrous evil. Such an entanglement of circumstances is devised, as God in his goodness never permits to occur, except perhaps in extraordinary times to extraordinary men: into these the hero of the story is thrown headlong; and every foul and bloody step he takes, is ascribed to some amiable weakness or noble impulse well deserving our sympathy and affection.

And what fruits do these creative geniuses bring us from their wilderness of horrors? They seduce us into a pernicious belief that sentiment and duty are irreconcilable, and thus they hypothetically suspend Providence, to necessitate and sanction crime.

Our poetry in the eighteenth century was prose; our prose in the seventeenth, poetry.

Taste appreciates pictures, connoisseurship appraises them. T.

We are always saying with anger or surprise that such and such a work of genius is unpopular. Yet how can it be otherwise? Surely it would be a sort of paradoxical contradiction, were the most extraordinary books in a language the commonest; at least, until they have been made so by fashion, which, to say nothing of its capriciousness, is oligarchal.

Are you surprised that our friend Matthew has married such a woman? and surprised too, because he is a man of genius? That is the very reason for his doing it. To be sure she comes to him without a shift to her back: but his genius is rich enough to deck her out in purple and fine linen. So long as they last, all will go on comfortably and well; but when they are worn out, and the stock exhausted, alas poor

wife ! shall I rather say ? or alas poor Mat-
thew !

Man has,

First, animal appetites, and hence animal impulses.

Secondly, moral cravings ; either unregulated by reason, which are passions, or regulated and controuled by it, which are feelings ; hence moral impulses.

Thirdly, the power of weighing probabilities ; and hence prudence.

Fourthly, the *vis logica*, evolving consequences from axioms, necessary deductions from certain principles, whether they be mathematical, as in the theorems of geometry, or moral, as of duty from the idea of God : hence conscience, at once the voice of duty speaking to the soul, and the ear wherewith the soul hears the commands of duty.

This idea, the idea of God, beyond all ques-

tion or comparison, is the one great seminal principle; inasmuch as it combines and comprehends all the faculties of our nature, converging in it as their common centre; brings the reason to sanction the aspirations of the imagination; impregnates law with the vitality and attractiveness of the affections; and establishes the natural legitimate subordination of the body to the will, and of both to the *vis logica* or reason, by involving the necessary and entire dependence of the created on the creator. But although this idea is the end and the beginning, the ocean and the fountain-head, of all duty, yet are there many contributory streams of principle, unto which men in all ages have been content to trust themselves. Such are the disposition to do good for its own sake, patriotism that earthly religion of the ancients, obedience to law, reverence for parents.

A few corroborative observations may be added.

First : Passion is refined into feeling by being brought under the controul of reason, in other words, by being in some degree tempered with the idea of duty.

Secondly : A deliberate impulse appears to be a contradiction in terms : yet must its existence be admitted, if we deny the existence of principles : for there are actions on record, which, although the results of predetermination, possessed notwithstanding all the self-sacrifice of an impulse. The conduct of Manlius when challenged by the Gaul, contrasted with that of his son on a similar occasion, strikingly shows the difference between principle and impulse ; of which difference moreover, to the unquestionable exclusion of prudence, the premeditated self-devotion of Decius furnishes another instance.

Thirdly : The mind, when allowed its full and free play, prefers, however faintly, moral good to moral evil. Hence the old confession, *Video meliora proboque* : and hence are we so much

better judges in another's case than our own. In like manner the philosophic apostle demonstrates the existence of the law written in our hearts, from the testimony the conscience bears to our own deeds, and the sentence of acquittal or condemnation which we pass on each other. And although this preference for good may in most cases be so weak as to require the subsidiary support of promises and threats, yet is not the auxiliary enactment to be confounded with the primary principle. For, in the Divine Law certainly, and I believe, in Human Law, where it is not the arbitrary decree of ignorance or injustice, the necessity and consequent obligation to obedience must have existed, at least potentially, from all eternity, Law being an exposition and not an origination of duty: while punishment, a thing in its very nature variable, is a subsequent appendage "because of transgressions." Even the approval of conscience, although coincident with the performance of the

act approved, must be as distinct from it as effect from cause : not to insist on that approval not being confined to duty in its highest sense, but being extended on fitting occasions both to moral impulses and to prudence.

Fourthly : There are classes of words, such as *generous* and *base*, *good* and *bad*, *right* and *wrong*, which belong to the moral feelings and principles contended for, and which have no meaning without them ; and their existence, not merely in the writings of philosophers, but in the mouths of the commonalty, should perhaps be deemed enough to establish the facts, of which they profess to be the expressions and exponents. Surely the trite maxim *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, is applicable here also, and may for once be enlisted in the service of the good cause. But besides, the existence of duty as in itself an ultimate and satisfactory end, is notoriously a favorite topic with great orators, who, it is evident, could not be great, but for their more

ivid sensibility giving them a deeper practical insight than others have into the springs and workings of the human heart; and who, it is equally certain, would not even be considered great, were their views of humanity altogether and fundamentally untrue. Without going back to Demosthenes, the disciple of Plato, yet the ruler of a populace by his words, the most eloquent writers of our days have distinguished themselves by attacks on the selfish system. To the same purpose is the epitaph on Leonidas and his Spartans: *They fell in obedience to the laws*. Were not obedience taken here as a duty in itself, without any reference to a penalty, this famous epitaph would dwindle into an unintelligible synonym for *They died to escape whipping*. On the other hand, were not such obedience possible, the epitaph would be rank nonsense.

The fact is, if the doctrines of the selfish phi-

losophers—I beg their pardon for giving them such a name, and assure them it is only for lack of a worse, or, as they would esteem it, a better, and that I have no thought of imputing to them any thing so derogatory as the *love* of wisdom—but, if those doctrines be true, every book that ever was written, in whatsoever language, on whatsoever subject, and of whatsoever kind, ought forthwith to be written anew: for in their present state, the warp is sheer nonsense, the woof arrant falsehood: they must set about re-writing every book, yea, even their own; for whatever they may have thought, they have been forced to talk like the rest of the world, with the single exception of Mr. Bentham; who, perceiving the impossibility of giving utterance to his doctrines in any of the languages before spoken by man, has very judiciously coined a new dialect of his own for his private circulation. And yet, I would wager

one should not read many pages of him, before even he were found tripping. U.

We may keep the devil without the swine, but not the swine without the devil.

The Christian religion may be looked upon under a twofold aspect; as disclosing a few secret doctrines beyond the grasp and reach of our reason, and as confirming and establishing many moral truths, which, from their near and evident connexion with our social wants, might enter into a scheme of religion, such as a human legislator would devise. Let me be allowed to speak incorrectly, since I am following a multitude in doing so: although I am aware that a Religion, properly so called, cannot be devised by any human legislator, that a Religion made by man can no more be a Religion for man, than a skin made by man can be a man's skin; and that all the contrivances of the magisterial

Will to restrain and compress the insurgent Will must be as powerless and inefficient, as the silk of a balloon to keep in its boisterous and swelling inmate, without the pressure of the atmosphere around it. The force that controuls us must act on us from without : the rein that holds us in, but impedes us not, must be managed from above. But to return :

The divine origin of any system confining itself to truths of the latter kind, would be liable to very strong suspicions ; for what a mere man is capable of deducing, will not rise high enough to have flowed down from heaven. On the other hand a system composed wholly of abstruse doctrines, however it may feed the astonishment of the vulgar, can never have been the gift of God. A Being who knows the extent of our wants and the violence of our passions, whose ordinary dispensations, moreover, are fraught with usefulness and stamped with love ; such a Being, our Maker, could never have sent down to us an unfruitful revelation of strange truths which left

men in the same condition it found them in, as selfish, as hard-hearted, as voluptuous. Accordingly, as Dr. Whateley has shown in his *Essays on some Peculiarities of the Christian Religion*, the practical character of a revelation and its abstaining from questions of mere curiosity, is an essential condition, or at least a very probable mark, of its truth.

Christianity answers the anticipations of philosophy on both these important points. Its precepts are holy and imperative, its mysteries vast, undiscoverable, unimaginable ; and, what is still worthier of consideration, these two limbs of our religion, instead of being severed or even laxly joined, do, after the workmanship of the God of Nature, so “lock in with and overwrap one another,” that they cannot be torn asunder without rude force. Every mystery is the germ of a duty ; every duty has its motive in a mystery. So that, if I may speak of these things according to the emblems of ancient wisdom,

every thing divine being circular, every right thing human straight, the life of the Christian may be compared to a chord, each end whereof is supported by the arc from which it proceeds and in which it terminates.

Were not the mysteries of antiquity, in their practical effect, a sort of religious peerage, to embrace and absorb all those persons whose inquiries might endanger the established belief? If so, it is a strong presumption in favour of Christianity, that it contains none; especially as it moreover borrows no aid from castes.

Were the purportings of the Bible to be a revelation false, it would still be the truest book that ever was written.

An use must have preceded an abuse, properly so called.

There are instances, a physician has just told me, of persons who had been crowded together in prisons so ill ventilated as to breed an infectious fever, yet having themselves escaped it, from the gradual adaptation of their constitutions to the noxious atmosphere they had generated. This avoids the inference so often drawn as to the real harmlessness of apparently mischievous doctrines, from the innocent lives of the men with whom they originated. To form a certain judgement concerning the tendency of any doctrine, one should rather look at the fruit it bears in the disciples than in the teacher. For he only made it; they are made by it.

La pobreza no es vileza, Poverty is no disgrace, says the Biscayan proverb. *Paupertas ridiculos homines facit*, says the Roman satirist. Is there an Englishman, who, being asked which is the wiser and better saying,

would not answer instantly, *the first?* Are there ten, who half an hour after would not quiz a poor gentleman's coat or dinner, if the thought of it came across them? Be consistent, for shame, even in evil. But no! still be inconsistent: that your practice thus glaringly at variance with your principle, may fall to the ground sooner.

Languages are the barometers of national thought and character; and Horne Tooke in attempting to fix the quicksilver for his own metaphysical ends, acted much like a little play-fellow of mine at the first school I was at, who screwed the master's weather-glass up to fair, to make sure of a fine day for a holiday.

Every age has a language of its own; and the difference in the words is oftentimes far greater than the difference in the thoughts. The

main employment of authors, in their collective capacity, is to translate the discoveries of other ages into the language of their own : nor is it an useless or unimportant task ; for this is the only way of making knowledge either fruitful or influential.

A corrupt religion idolizes bad Gods. Can any thing be worse ? Yes ; a corrupt philosophy ; for that idolizes bad men.

The climate might perhaps have absorbed the intellect of Greece, instead of tempering it to a love of beauty, but for the awakening and stirring excitements of a national poem, barbaric wars, a confined territory, republican institutions and the activity they generate, the absence of any recluse profession, and a form of worship wherein art predominated. The poets of such a people would naturally be lyrical ; but at Athens, Homer, the Dionysiacs, and Pericles, by their united in-

fluence fostered them into dramatists. The glorious condition of their country inspired them with enthusiastic patriotism; and an aristocratical religion (which, until it was supplanted by a vulgar philosophy, in spite of all its errors was revered,) gave them depth, and made them solemn at least, if not terrible. Energy they owed to their contests, and correctness to the practised ears of their audience.

On the other hand, the centurion's rod, the forum, the consulate, Hannibal, and in later times the civil wars; pride, and the suppression of feeling taught by pride; Epicureanism, which dwarfed Lucretius though it could not stifle him; the overwhelming perfection of the great Greek models, and the benumbing frost of a jealous despotism; would not allow the Romans, except at rare intervals, to be poets. The greatest in their language is perhaps Livy. At least such seems to have been the opinion of him who has drunk far deeper than any Englishman of our

day at the sacred streams of classical antiquity. The author of Gebir, in a note on that very singular poem, goes so far as to compare Livy with Shakspeare, and in one respect gives the advantage to the Roman. " Shakspeare, (he says) is the only writer that ever knew so intimately, or ever described so accurately, the variations of the human character. But Livy is always great."

South's sentences are gems, hard and shining ; Voltaire's to the eye resemble them, but are only French paste.

Some men so dislike the dust kicked up by the generation they belong to, that, being unable to pass, they lag behind it.

Half the failures in life arise from pulling in the horse as he is leaping.

U.

Contrast is a species of relation.

In writing, the most difficult thing is to write with ease. U.

Instead of watching the bird as it flies above our heads, we chase his shadow along the ground ; and finding we cannot grasp it, conclude it to be nothing.

There is something very odd in the disposition of an Englishman's senses. He sees with his fingers, and hears with his toes. If you enter a gallery of pictures, you find all the spectators longing to become handlers : if you go to hear an overture of Mozart's, your next neighbour keeps all the while kicking time, as if he could not kill it without. U.

Poverty makes wealth ; and wealth in its turn adds to poverty. The earth to form the mound

is taken out of the ditch; and whatever may be the height of the one, the same will be the depth of the other.

The great cry of every body is *get on! get on!* just as if the world was travelling post. How astonished people will be, when they arrive in heaven, to find the angels, who are so much wiser than they, laying no schemes to get made archangels.

Unitarianism has no root in the permanent principles of human nature. It is in fact a religion of accidents, depending for its reception on a particular turn of thought, a particular state of knowledge, and a particular situation in society. This alone is disproof sufficient of it.

But, moreover, its postulates involve the absurdity of coupling infinity with man. No wonder that, beginning with raising him to a

God, it has ended with degrading him to a beast. In attempting to erect a Babel on a foundation of a foot square, the Socinians constructed a building which being top-heavy overturned, and its bricks, instead of stopping at the ground, from the violence of the fall struck into it.

Calvinism is not imaginative ; to stand therefore, it should be in some degree scientific : whereas no system of Christianity presents greater difficulties to the understanding, none so great to the moral sense. Heavy as these difficulties are, the unbending faith of the Swiss Reformer would have borne up under still heavier. But after a few generations, when zeal subsides, such a weight is found to be inconvenient ; and men loosen the articles which press the hardest, until they slip off one after another. Scepticism however, like other things, is enlarged and pampered by indulgence :

as the current gets more sluggish, the water gets thicker; and the dregs of Calvinism stagnate into Socinianism.

A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman: a gentleman, in the vulgar superficial way of understanding that word, is the Devil's Christian. But to throw aside these polished and too current counterfeits for something valuable and sterling, the real gentleman should be gentle in every thing, at least in every thing that depends on himself; in carriage, temper, constructions, aims, desires. He ought therefore to be mild, calm, quiet, even, temperate; not hasty in judgement, not extravagant in ambition, not rapacious, not tyrannical; for these things are contrary to gentleness. Many such gentlemen are to be found, I trust; and many more would be: but alas! they are apparently misled by etymology; and, because a gentleman was originally *homo gentilis*, they

seem to fancy they shall lose caste unless they act as Gentiles.

Every true Christian must be catholic in heart and spirit; although the temporary condition of the visible church may be such as makes it incumbent on him to be outwardly and in conduct a separatist. . U.

Temporary madness may be necessary in some cases, to cleanse and renovate the mind; just as a fit of illness is to carry off the humours of the body.

A portrait has one advantage over its original: it is unconscious; and you may therefore admire without insulting it. I have seen portraits which have more.

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.

Civilization takes the heart and sticks it beside the head, just where Spurzheim finds the organ of acquisitiveness. No wonder she fancies she has elevated man altogether, since she has thus raised the most valuable part of him, and at the same time has thus enlarged the highest.

Men have often been warned against old prejudices : I would rather warn them against new conceits. The novelty of an opinion on any moral question, is a presumption against it. Generally speaking, it is only the half-thinker, who, in matters concerning the feelings and ancestral opinions of men, stumbles on new conclusions. The true philosopher searches out something else ; the propriety of the feeling, the wisdom of the opinion, the deep and living roots of every thing that is fair or enduring. For on such points, to use a happy phrase of Dugald Stewart's, " our first and third thoughts will be found to coincide."

Burke was a fine specimen of a *third-thoughted* man. Two instances in point occur to me from the works of living writers, one from Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*, the other from the life of Jeremy Taylor, by . . the title has, Reginald Heber. Let me so call him then. I only anticipate the affectionate familiarity of future ages, in whose ears (as a friend of mine well prophesies) *the Bishop of Calcutta* will sound as strange, as *the Bishop of Down and Connor* would in ours. The passage I refer to in the life of Taylor, is a defence of the good old institution of *sizars* or *poor scholars*; and though its length prevents my quoting it entire, I cannot forbear enriching my pages with some of the concluding sentences. "It is easy to declaim against the indecorum and illiberality of depressing the poorer students into servants; but it would be more candid and more consistent with truth, to say that our ancestors elevated their servants to the rank of students;

softening, as much as possible, every invidious distinction, and rendering the convenience of the wealthy the means of extending the benefits of education to those whose poverty must otherwise have shut them out from the springs of knowledge. And the very distinction of dress which has so often been complained of, the very nature of those duties which have been esteemed degrading, were of use in preventing the intrusion of the higher classes into situations intended only for the benefit of the poor; while by separating the last from the familiar society of the wealthier students, they prevented that dangerous emulation of expense which has in more modern times almost excluded them from the University." (p. ix.)*

* The foregoing page was just printed off, when the news came that India had lost its good bishop. At the time I ventured on that passing mention of him, I was little disturbed by the thought of its inadequateness, knowing that it would not offend him, if the passage ever chanced to meet his eye. He would have deemed himself

Was it superfluous to quote a passage which my readers were already acquainted with? I rejoice to hear it; and wish I could believe they had as good cause for objecting to my extract from Coleridge. "It is no less an error in teachers, than a torment to the poor children, to enforce the necessity of reading as they would talk. In order to cure them of *singing*, as it is called, the child is made to repeat the words from off the book; and then indeed his tones resemble talking, as far as his fears, tears, and trembling will permit. But as soon as the eye is again directed to the

beholden to the meanest stranger for an offering of honest admiration, and, I doubted not, would accept with his wonted gentleness any tribute of gratitude and affection. And now . . . now that he has been taken from us . . . why should I not declare the truth? though I should have rejoiced to speak of him worthily, if God had given me the power to speak worthily of such a man; yet being what I am, that I have said no more does not pain me . . . perhaps because my heart seems to say to me, that love and sorrow make all gifts equal.

printed page, the spell begins anew: for an instinctive sense tells the child, that to utter its own momentary thoughts, and to recite the written thoughts of another, as of another, and a far wiser than himself, are two widely different things; and as the two acts are accompanied with widely different feelings, so must they justify different modes of enunciation."

(*Biog. Lit.* Vol. ii. p. 60.)

My introductory remarks however, I need scarcely say, apply to ends only, not to means: for means are progressive, ends continue the same: the road from London to Edinburgh may be improved, horses may become swifter, carriages lighter; but Edinburgh seems likely to remain pretty much in the same spot it is in now.

The next best thing to a very good joke, is a very bad joke: the next best thing to a very good argument, is a very bad one. In wit

and reasoning, as in the streets of Paris, you must beware of the old maxim, *medio tutissimus ibis*: in that city it would lead you into the gutter; in your intellectual march it would sink you in the dry sandy wastes of dulness. But the selfsame result which a good joke or a good argument attains to regularly and according to law, is now and then attained to by their mis-shapen brethren *per saltum* as a piece of luck.

Few trains of logic, however ingenious and fine, have given me so much pleasure—and yet a good argument is of all dainties the daintiest—few, very few, have so much pure truth in them, as the exclamation, *How good it was of God to put Sunday at one end of the week! for if he had put it in the middle, it would have made a broken week of it.* The feeling here is at once so true and so strong, as to overpower all perception of the rugged way along which it carries us: it gains its point, and that is all

it cares for. It knows nothing of doubt or faint-heartedness; but, as it were, opens its mouth and shuts its eyes, and the truth drops into it. It goes to work much like our sailors: everybody, except those who know them, swears they must fail; and they are sure to succeed. He who is animated with such a never hesitating, never questioning conviction that every ordinance of God is for good, although he may perhaps miss the actual good in the particular instance, can never go far wrong in the end.

There is an anecdote of a similar character related in Mr. Turner's *Tour in Normandy*. He one day entered into conversation with a Frenchman of the lower orders, a religious man, whom he found praying before a broken cross. They were sitting in a ruined chapel. "The devotee mourned over its destruction, and over the state of the times which could countenance such impiety; and gradually, as he turned over the leaves of the prayer-book in his hand, he

was led to read aloud the 137th psalm, commenting on every verse as he proceeded, and weeping more and more bitterly, when he came to the part commemorating the ruin of Jerusalem, which he applied to the captive state of France, exclaiming against Prussia as cruel Babylon. 'Yet,' we asked, '*how can you reconcile with the spirit of Christianity the permission given to the Jews by the psalmist to take up her little ones and dash them against the stones?*' 'Ah! you misunderstand the sense; the psalm does not authorize cruelty: mais, attendez! ce n'est pas ainsi: ces pierres là sont Saint Pierre; et heureux celui qui les attachera à Saint Pierre; qui montrera de l'attachement, de l'intrepidité pour sa religion!' This is a specimen of the curious perversions under which the Roman Catholic faith does not scruple to take refuge." (Vol. i. p. 120.)

"Surely in other thoughts Contempt might die."

The question was at best a very inconsiderate

one: its purpose was to unsettle the poor man's faith; it offered no solution of the doubts it suggested: and no judicious person will so address the uneducated. But it is cheering to see how the Frenchman takes up the futile shaft and tosses it back again, and finds nothing but an occasion to show the entireness of his faith; and, though Mr. Turner perhaps hardly thought it, there is much more truth in the reply than in the question. All that there is in the latter, is one of those half-truths, which by setting up alone bankrupt themselves, and become falsehoods; while the Frenchman begins in truth, and ends in truth, taking indeed a somewhat strange course to get from one to the other. Still in him we perceive, although in a low and rude uncultivated state, that wisdom of the heart, that *esprit du cœur* or *mens cordis*, which, if it be severed from the wisdom of the head, is far the more precious of the two, that wisdom of the heart which *The Broad*

Stone of Honour strives to inculcate so eloquently and so fervently. It is like the odour which in some ineffable way mingles with the hues of the flower, softening its beauty into loveliness. No truly wise man has ever been without it: but few have ever possessed it, if I ought not rather to say, been possessed by it, in such purity and perfection as the author of that noble manual for gentlemen, that volume which, had I a son, I would place in his hands, charging him, though such admonition would be needless, to love it next to his Bible.

U.

Every one who knows anything of Horace or of logic, has heard of the accumulating sophism: *Do twelve grains make a heap? do eighteen? do twenty? do twenty-four?* Twenty-four grains make a heap! oh no! they make a pennyweight. The reply was well enough for that particular case: but as a general rule, it is

safest to answer such captious questions by a comparative, the only elastic and nicely graduated expression of degree which common language furnishes. *Do twelve grains of sand make a heap?* a greater than eleven. *Are a hundred yards far for a healthy man to walk?* further than ninety-nine.

There is however another mode of defence which some may think sufficient, and for which I must refer my readers to Aristotle's Treatise on Irony. *Don't be alarmed at those grains of sand*, said a philosopher to a young man who appeared sadly gravelled by the accumulating sophism. *The sophist is only playing the part of the East-wind in the comedy. But you dislike such a quantity of dust blown or thrown so palpably into your eyes? Then put on a veil.*

Friendship closes its eyes, rather than see the moon eclipsed; while calumny denies that it is ever at the full.

While walking one evening by a leafy hedge, a light glanced through it across my eyes. At first I tried to fix it, but vainly; till, recollecting that the hedge was the medium of sight, instead of peering directly toward the spot, I searched among the leaves for a gap. As soon as I found one, I discovered that a bright star had glimmered on me, which I afterward stood watching at my ease.

A mystic in my situation would have wearied himself with hunting for the light in the place where he had caught the first glance of it; and would not have got beyond an incommunicable self-assurance that he had seen a vision from heaven, of a nature rather to be dreamt of than described. A materialist would have asserted the light to be visible only in the gap, because through that alone could it be seen distinctly; and thence would have inferred the light to be the gap, or (if more acute

and logical than common) at any rate to be produced by it.

It has been called a paradox in Christianity, that it makes Humility the avenue to Glory: and yet, what other avenue is there to Wisdom, or even to Knowledge? To pick up precious truths, one must bend down and look for them. It is so in natural science: Bacon has declared it: "*Natura non nisi parendo vincitur.*" It is so in moral speculation: Wordsworth has told us:

" Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop,
Than when we soar."

That it is so likewise in Religion, we are assured by those most comfortable words: "*Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*"

Moreover, the whole intercourse between man and man appears, if we look closely into it, to be

guided and regulated by the same universal principle ; and that it ought to be, is recognized by all, instinctively at least if not wittingly. As I have heard it well expressed by him, who, among all the persons I have conversed with to the edification of my understanding, had the greatest practical insight into human nature, and most thoroughly knew the art of controuling and governing men to their good : the moment any body is satisfied with himself, everybody else grows dissatisfied with him : whenever any one thinks much of himself, all others give over thinking about him. Thus it is not only in the parable, that he who takes the highest room is turned down with shame to the lowest, while he who sits down in the lowest room is bid to go up higher.

U.

The Romans used to say of an argument or opinion which spread rapidly, that it takes

the popular mind. I should rather say that the popular mind takes the argument or opinion. *Takes it?* Yes; as one takes infection; catches it rather, as one catches a fever. For truth, like health, is not easily communicated; but diseases and errors are contagious.

This being so, how much to be deplored are democratical elements in a constitution! Not unless the people are the head of the state; and I have always fancied them the heart: a heart which at times may beat too fast, and perhaps feel too warmly, but still by its pulsations evinces and preserves the life and vigour of the social body.

What use are forms of, seeing they are at times empty? Of the same use with barrels, which at times are empty too.

By the ancients courage was regarded as practically the main part of virtue; by us,

though I hope we are not less brave, purity is so regarded now.* The former evidently is the animal excellence, a thing not to be left out when balancing the one against the other: still the following considerations weigh more with me. Courage, when not an instinct, is the creation of society, depending for occasions of action (which is essential to it) on external circumstances, and deriving much both of its character and of its motives from popular opinion and esteem. But purity is inward, secret, self-sufficing, harmless, and, to crown all, thoroughly and intimately personal, if what enters into the essence of our being can be called so. It is indeed a na-

* Here again I find myself walking with Ländor. I am so familiar with his writings, that his thoughts meet me at every turn. His words are: "Effeminacy and wickedness were correlative terms both in Greek and Latin, as were courage and virtue. With us softness and folly, virtue and purity. Let others determine on which side lies the indication of the more quiet, delicate, and reflecting people." *Imagin. Convers.* Vol. i. p. 296.

ture, rather than a virtue ; and, like other natures, when most perfect is least conscious of itself and its perfection.

To sum up the whole, courage, however kindled, is fanned by man's breath ; purity lives and derives its life solely from God's spirit.

It has been much the fashion of late years to vaunt the spiritual genius of modern times, as contrasted with the greater predominance of the animal and sensuous life in the classic nations of antiquity. Now this is well : for the distinction exists. With the ancients the soul was the vital and motive principle of the body : with the moderns the tendency has rather been to look on the body as but the veil or garment of the soul. This becomes easily discernible, if we behold one of Raphael's heavenly Madonnas, beside one of those Venuses wherein the Spirit of the Earth has put forth all the fascination of its beauty. Before the latter,

one may break forth into the exclamation of the Bedouin, *Blessed be God who has made beautiful women!* unless even that be too devotional: in the former the sight pauses not at the outward lineaments, but pierces through to the soul, and we contemplate the meekness of the handmaiden, the purity of the virgin, the fervent, humble, adoring love of the mother who sees her God in her child.

When however the source of this main difference between the two great historical periods has been sought after, the seekers have gone far astray: they have bewildered themselves in the mazy forest of natural causes, where, as the German proverb has it, 'one can't see the wood for the trees.' One set have talked about the influence of climate: as if the sky and soil of Italy had gone through some marvellous change between the days of Augustus and those when Dante sang and Giotto painted. Others have taken their stand among the

Northern nations, echoing Montesquieu's celebrated remark, that this fine system was found in the woods : as though mead and beer could not intoxicate as well as wine ; as though Walhalla with its blood and its skull-cups were less sensual than the Elysian islands of the blest. A third party have gone a journey into the East : as if it were possible for the human spirit to be more imbruted, more bemired in sensuality, than amid the voluptuousness and the macerations of Oriental religions. The praise is not of man, but of God. It is only by his light, that we see light. If we are at all better than those first men who were of the earth earthy, it is because the second man was the Lord from Heaven.

Let me here take up the thread of the former remark on the two notions concerning the primary constituent of virtue. Courage may be considered as purity in outward action ; purity as courage in the inner man, in the far more

appalling struggles which are waged within our own hearts. The ancients, as was to be expected, looked to the former; the moderns have fixed their attention rather on the latter. But this results not, as seems to be hinted in the passage quoted in the note, from our superior delicacy or reflexion: it is owing to Christianity, and to Christianity alone. Hea-then poets and philosophers may now and then have caught momentary glimpses of the principle which has produced this change: but as the foundation of all morality, the one paramount maxim, it was first proclaimed in *the Sermon on the Mount*.

This leads me to notice a further advantage which the modern principle has over the ancient: that courage is much oftener found without purity, than purity without courage. For although in the physical world one may frequently see causes without their wonted and natural effects, such barren causes exist not in the moral world: the concatenation there is

far more indissoluble, the circulation far more rapid and certain. On the other hand the effect, or something like it, is not seldom seen without the cause. Not only is there the animal instinct ; there is also a bastard and ostentatious courage, generated and fed by the opinion of the world : but they who are pure in heart, they who know what is promised to such purity, they who shall see God, what can they fear ?

It is with perfect truth then that our moral poet has represented his Una as “ of nought affrayd :” for she was also “ pure and innocent as that same Lamb.”

U.

To refer all pleasure to association, is to acknowledge no sound but echo.

Truth endues man's purposes with somewhat of immutability.

Material evil tends to self-annihilation ; good to increase.

Græculus esuriens in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.
Alas ! the command has gone forth unto the whole world ; but not even the hungry Greek will obey it. U.

Forms and regularity of proceeding, if not justice, partake much of the nature of justice, which in its highest sense is the spirit of distributive order.

Purity is the feminine, Truth the masculine, of Honour.

He who wishes to know how the people thrive under a grovelling aristocracy, should examine how vigorous and thick are the blades of grass under a plantain.

The English constitution being continually progressive, its perfection consists in its acknowledged imperfection.

In times of public dissatisfaction add readily, to satisfy men's wishes. So the change be made without trepidation, there is no contingent danger in the changing. But it is difficult to diminish safely, except in times of perfect quiet. The first is giving ; the last is giving up.

Much of this world's wisdom is acquired by necromancy ; by consulting the oracular dead.

U.

Principled men, from acting independently of instinct, when they do wrong, are likely to do great wrong. The chains of flesh are not formed of hooks and eyes, to be fastened and loosed as occasion may require. We are not like the Dervise in the Eastern story, that hav-

ing left our own form to animate another, we can return to it at pleasure. Much less can we be ever acting a double transmigration between the supernatural and the natural, wandering to and fro between the intellectual and the animal states, first unmanning and then remanning ourselves, each to serve a turn. Humanity once put off, is put off for worse as well as for better; and if we take not good heed to live angelically afterward, we must count on becoming devilish.

Men are most struck with form and character, women with intellect; perhaps I should have said, with attainments. But happily after marriage sense comes in to make weight for us.

A youth's love is the more passionate; virgin love is the more idolatrous.

Talkers will refrain from evil speaking, when

listeners refrain from evil-hearing. At present there are many so credulous of evil, that they will receive suspicions and impressions against persons they don't know, from a person they do know . . in authority to be good for nothing.

We look to our last sickness for repentance, unmindful that it is during a recovery men repent, not during a sickness. For sickness, by the time we feel it to be such, has its own trials, its own selfishness; and to bear the one and overcome the other, are at such a season occupation more than enough for any who has not been trained to the performance by previous discipline and practice.

The same may be said of old age; perhaps with even more justice, since old age has no beginning.

The feeling is often the deeper truth, the opinion the more superficial one.

I suspect we have internal senses. The mind's eye since Shakspeare's time has been proverbial; and we have also a mind's ear. To say nothing of dreams, one certainly can listen to one's own thoughts, and hear them, or believe that one hears them: the strongest argument ad-ducible in favour of our hearing any thing.

Many objects are made venerable by extraneous circumstances. The moss, ivy, lichens, and weatherstains, for example, on that old ruin, picturesque and soothing as they are, formed no part in the conception of the architect, nor in the work or intention of the builder; but are the subsequent adaptations of Time, which with regard to such things is in some sort an agent, bringing them under the influences of Nature. And what should follow? Only that in obeying the perceptions of the intellect, and distinguishing logically between accidents and properties, we turn not frowardly from the

dictates of the heart; nor cease to feel, because we have ascertained the composite nature of our feelings; just as though it were impossible to contemplate the parts in a living whole, and there were no other analysis than dissection. Only this; and thankfulness for that which has so enabled us to venerate; and wisdom enough to preserve the modifying tints which have coloured the object to the tone of our imaginations.

How idle it is to call certain things God-sends! as if there was anything else in the world.

U.

It is a mistake to suppose the poet does not know Truth by sight quite as well as the philosopher. He must; for he is ever seeing her in the mirror of nature. The difference between them is, that the poet is satisfied with worshipping her reflected image; while the

philosopher traces her out and follows her into her remote abode between cause and consequence, and there impregnates her. The one loves and makes love to Truth; the other esteems and weds her. In simpler ages the two things went together; and then poetry and philosophy were united. But that universal solvent, civilization which pulverizes to cement, and splits to faggot, has divided them; and they now are seen far as the Poles asunder.

The imagination and the feelings have each their truths, as well as the reason. The absorption of the three, so as to concentrate them in the same point, is one of the universalities *à priori* requisite in a true Religion.

Man's voluntary works are shadows of objects perceived either by his senses or imagination. The inferiority of the copies to their originals in the former class of works is evident.

Man can no more string dew-drops on a gossamer thread, than he can pile up a Mont Blanc, or scoop out an ocean. How passing excellent may we then hope to find the realities from which the offspring of his imagination are the shadows! seeing that offspring, all shadowy as they are, will yet often be fairer than any sensible existence.

In a mist the heights can for the most part see each other; but the valleys cannot.

What way of circumventing a man can be so easy and suitable as a *period*? The name should be enough to put us on our guard: the experience of every age is not.

I suspect the soul is never so hampered by its inthralment within the body, as when it loves. Pluck the feathers out of a bird's wings, and be it never so young, its youth will

not save it from suffering by the loss, when instinct urges it to attempt flying. Unless indeed there be no such thing as instinct; and flying real kites is, like flying paper kites, a mere matter of education : which reminds me to ask why, knowing there are instincts of the body, we are to suppose there are no instincts of the mind ? To refer whatever we at first sight should take for such, to the eliciting power of circumstances, is idle. Circumstances indeed call them out at the particular moment when they try their tendencies and strength; but no more create, or rather (since creating is out of the question) no more produce them, except as pulling the end of a roll of string produces it, that is, *producit* or *draws* it *out*, than flying is produced or given by the need of locomotion.

To return to the soul : if, and I believe the fact to be undeniable, human nature, until it has been hardened by much exposure to

passion and become used to the public eye, is fond of veiling love with silence and concealment, whilst it makes little or no scruple of exhibiting the kindred sentiment of friendship ; I see no good way of accounting for this, except by referring such shamefacedness of the soul to its sensitive recoil from a form of affection in which, as nature whispers, its best and purest feelings are combined and kneaded up with body.

The bashfulness which hides affection from a dread that the avowal will be ill-received, the fear of bringing one's judgement into question by what some may deem a misplaced choice, the consciousness that all choice is invidious from involving postponement as well as preference ; all these feelings and motives, I am aware, have often considerable weight : but they must weigh nearly as much in the case of friendship. Friendship indeed may be indulged in boyhood, while love is a boon reserved for

our maturity; and hence doubtless frequently during youth a fear of being thought presumptuous, if discovered fancying ourselves grown old enough to love. But this can never furnish the right key to a reserve, which is neither limited to youth nor directly acted on by time, which varies in different countries with their degree of moral cultivation, and in individuals appears to proportion its intensity to the depth and purity of the bosom in which it cowers.

The body, the body is the root of it. But these days of adultery are much too delicate to allow of handling the subject further.

What if we live many and various lives? each providing for us its peculiar opportunities, of acquiring some new good, and casting away the slough of some old evil: so that the course of our existence should include a sum of les-

sons, and the world be indeed a stage on which every man fills many parts. If the doctrine of transmigration has never been taught in this form, such is perhaps the idea embodied in the $\mu\tilde{\nu}\theta\omicron\varsigma$.

Impromptus in recluse men are likely to be *à loisir*; and presence of mind in thinking men is likely to be recollection. Cesar indeed says it is so generally. "Titinius, uti qui nihil ante providisset, trepidare et concursare, cohortesque disponere: hæc tamen ipsa timide atque ut eum omnia deficere viderentur; quod plerumque iis accidere consuevit, qui in ipso negotio consilium capere coguntur. At Cotta, qui cogitasset hæc posse in itinere accidere, nulla in re communi saluti deerat." B. G. v. 33.

Much to the same purpose is Livy's explanation of Philopemen's readiness in decision when he suddenly found himself in the presence of a

hostile force, xxxv. 28. It is pleasing to see theoretical and practical intellects jumping together so exactly.

What a pity it is that there are so many words! Whenever one wants to say anything, three or four ways of saying it come into one's head together; and one never knows which to choose. It is so troublesome; almost as hard as choosing a gown.

Now a question of millinery is one on which I should be slow to hazard an opinion. But style is a far less intricate matter; and a clear and simple principle may there be laid down, which at the same time is almost universal. First however, as it is a lady I am addressing, let me advise her to diminish her perplexities by restricting herself entirely to home manufactures. Ten to one she is in the habit of saying *de tout mon cœur*, and the like. Now, *with all my heart*, is really better English; and

the only advantage on the side of the former, is its being less sincere.

But as a general maxim, whenever in writing you come to a cross road, you can hardly do better than go right onward: when you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic; act as you would on your estate, and employ such as have the largest families; keeping clear of foundlings, and all those of which nobody can tell where they come from, unless he happens to be a scholar. In the gardens of verse indeed an exotic may now and then find a place; but the plants you sow in the open fields of prose, ought to have been already naturalized. U.

Were nothing else to be learnt from the *Rhetoric* and *Ethics* of Aristotle, they should be studied by every educated Englishman as the best of commentaries on Shakspeare.

How many Englishmen admire Shakspeare? Doubtless, all who understand him; and, it is to be hoped, a few more. For, how many Englishmen understand Shakspeare? Were Diogenes to commence his search through the island, I trust he would bring home many hundreds, not to say thousands, for every one I should put up. To judge from what has been written about him, the Englishmen who understand Shakspeare, are almost as numerous as those who understand the language spoken in Paradise. There are to be found, it is true, sundry ingenious remarks on particular passages, and a few on particular characters, or rather on particular features of them: but such remarks are no less incomplete and unsatisfactory, than would be the account of a hand or foot without reference to the body it belonged to. If one wishes to trace the march and comprehend the workings of this most marvellous genius, and to look into the mysterious organiza-

tion of his wonderful works, one meets with little help, but what comes from beyond the German Ocean.

It is hardly worth while asking the third question: would Shakspeare have rather chosen to be admired, or to be understood? not however that the latter can be conceived as existing without begetting the former. U.

Some hearts are like a melting peach, but with a larger, coarser, and harder stone.

I like the smell of a dunged field, and the tumult of a popular election.

Almost every rational man can show nearly the same number of moral virtues. Only in the good man the active and beneficent virtues look outward, the passive and parsimonious inward. In the bad man it is just the contrary. His fore-thought, his generosity, his long-suffering,

is for himself; his severity and temperance and frugality are for others. But the religious virtues belong solely to the religious. God hides himself from the wicked; or at least the wicked blinds himself to God. If he practically acknowledge any, which is only now and then, it is one whose non-existence is certain, whose fabulousness is evident to him . . the Devil.

We like slipping, but not falling; our real anxiety is to be tempted enough.

The man who will share his wealth with a woman, has some love for her; the man who can resolve to share his poverty with her, has more . . of course supposing him to be a man, and not a child or a beast.

What is the use of it? is the first question asked in England by almost every body about almost every thing. Foreigners who have learnt

English from our older writers, hearing on their coming amongst us such frequent inquiries after use, must fancy they have fallen in with a set of usurers. No wonder so many of them have applied for loans. The only wonder, as we are not usurers, is how they got them.

Still there are a few things—a husband for one's daughter, a Rubens, four horses, a cure of souls—the use of which is never asked; probably because it is so evident. In these cases the first question ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is, *what are they worth?* The worth of a cure of souls! O miserable, money-loving people, whose very language is prostituted to avarice. Wealth is money, fortune is money, worth is money, and, had not God for once been beforehand with the world, providence would have been money too. The worth of a cure of souls is Heaven or Hell, according as he who is appointed to it does his duty or neglects it.

Gratification is distinct from happiness in the common apprehension of mankind; and so is selfishness from wisdom. But passion in its blindness disregards the first distinction, or rather speaks as if it disregarded it; and sophists taking advantage of this confound the last. Their confusion, however, is worse confounded. For it is not every gratification that is selfish, in the ordinary acceptation of the term which implies blame and sin; but such only as is undue or inordinate whether in kind or degree. Never was a man called selfish for quenching his thirst with water, where water was not scarce; many a man has been justly, for drinking Champagne. The argument then, if unravelled into a syllogism, would hang together thus:

Some gratifications are selfish;

No gratification is happiness:

therefore,

All happiness is selfish.

I am not surprised that these gentlemen speak ill of logic.

The precept makes the rule ; the motive may justify the exception.

Never place too much confidence in such as place no confidence in others. The man prone to suspect evil, usually looks in his neighbour for what he sees in himself. As to the pure all things are pure ; even so to the impure all things are impure.

U.

Do you want to find out a person's weak points ? Observe the failings he has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very failings which he is himself conscious of ; but they will be their next-door neighbours. No man keeps such a jealous look-out as a rival.

U.

In reading the apostolical epistles, we should bear in mind that they are not scientific treatises armed at all points against carpers and misconceivers, but occasional letters addressed to disciples who, as the writer knew, were both able and inclined to make due allowance for the latitude of epistolary expression.

But is not this what the Socinians contend for ?

If it were, I should have nothing to say against them. What I object to in them, is, their making not *due* allowances, but *undue*, allowances discountenanced by the plainest passages of Scripture, by the uniform tenour of the Sacred Writings, by the whole analogy and, so far as we dare judge of them, the prompting principles of revelation.

But how shall we discern the due from the undue ?

As we discern every thing else : by the honest use of a cultivated understanding. If we have

not banished the Holy Spirit by slights and excesses, if we have fed his lamp in our hearts with prayer, if we have improved and strengthened our faculties by education and exercise, and then sit down to study the Bible with inquiring and teachable minds, we need not doubt of discovering its meaning, not indeed purely; for where find an intellect so colourless as not to tinge the light that falls on it? not wholly; for how fathom the ocean of God's word? but with such accuracy and in such degree as shall suffice for the uses of our spiritual life. But if we have neglected this previous discipline, if we take up the book with stupid or ignorant, lazy or negligent, arrogant or unclean and do-no-good hands; we shall in running through its pages stumble on many things dark and startling, many things which, aggravated by presumptuous heedlessness, might prove destructively offensive.

What then are the poor to do?

They must avail themselves of oral instruction, have recourse, so far as may be, to written helps, and follow the guidance of God's priesthood. But suitable faculties seem indispensable. Let a man be never so pious and sincere, yet if blind he could not see the book, nor if unlettered read, nor if ignorant of English know the meaning of the words, nor if half-witted comprehend the sentences. Why suppose that the intellectual hinderances to mastering the book end here? especially when we allow the existence of moral hinderances, and are aware that they combine with the intellectual in unascertainable and indefinite proportions, if they do not rather constitute their essence, or at least their germ. You admit that carelessness and impatience may hide the meaning of the book from us: you should be sure stupidity does not spring from carelessness, nor bad logic from impatience, before you decide so confidently that stupidity and bad logic cannot.

“ *Search the Scriptures*, said Christ. Non dixit legite, sed scrutamini, (as St. Chrysostom observes on the text,) quia oportet profundius effodere, ut quæ alte delitescant invenire possimus. The Jews have a saying: qui non advertit quod supra et infra in Scriptoribus legitur, is pervertit verba Dei viventis. He that will understand God’s meaning, must look above and below.”* Now to look at things *below* the surface, it is necessary we should dig down to them. The persons who omit this, from whatever cause, be it the sluggishness of their will or the bluntness only of their instrument—for this question, though important in judging of the workman, cannot affect the accomplishment of the work,—will never gain possession of the buried treasure. Those on the other hand who dig as they are taught to do, will reach it in time, if they faint not; and the number of demi-

* Jer. Taylor, on the Whole Duty of the Clergy, Ser. II. Vol. vi. p. 520.

semi-Christians in the world no more establishes the contrary, than the number of drunkards in the world establishes the impossibility of keeping sober.

“ But though many precious things are reserved for them who dig deep and search wisely, medicinal plants and corn and grass, things fit for food and physic, may be found in every field.”* The great duties of a Christian are so plainly expressed, that they who run may read, and that all who listen may understand them; convenient expounders of doctrine are appointed in the Church; and in every case, to every one who truly seeks, sufficient will be given for his own salvation.

The poet sees things as they look. Is this having a faculty the less? or a sense the more?

* Jer. Taylor, on the Whole Duty of the Clergy, Sermon II. Vol. vi. p. 509.

If there had been no such thing as poetry in the world, Shakspeare would have invented it.

Is this my own thought ? or have I read it elsewhere ? Thoughts sometimes rise up in the mind, which have all the look and air of old acquaintance, and which yet one cannot recollect having ever before met with. The chance is, although the present may not be an instance in point, that such thoughts, whether native or engrafted, are among the best. Nor can they, even when not originally our own, be said to be dishonestly come by : a thief seldom forgets that what he has stolen once belonged to another.

U.

It would be a fair wager, that half the writers in England are ignorant of spelling, and that but a scanty quarter know any thing about stopping. The compositor spells for them, and stops for them ; and the publisher, as soon as his volume or volumes are sizable, stops them.

U.

A sort of English has been very prevalent of late years, in which the sentences have a meaning, but the words have none. As in a middling landscape the general outlines are correct and the forms distinguishable, but the details are hazy and indefinite and confused ; so here the abstract thought designed to be conveyed, is really communicated ; but hardly a word is made use of, for which half-a-dozen synonyms might not have stood equally well. This may be called Scotch English : not as being the exclusive property of our northern brethren ; but because the celebrated Scotch writers of the last century are in the first rank of those who have embowelled the substantial, roast-beef and plum-pudding English of our forefathers. That it has been so, is intimately connected with the Scotch having been almost the only English metaphysical writers, since Locke and Berkeley and Butler and Thomas Burnet. For metaphysical wri-

ters, especially when they belong to a school, and inherit their master's principles instead of making their own, are very liable to lose sight of the concrete in the abstract, of what is individual in that which is only generic, and frequently merge the reality in the form, or sometimes in a mere technical expression for that form. They lose the scent in the cry, but keep on yelping without noticing their loss : nay, often some join in the cry, without having ever caught the scent. Accordingly, this Scotch English is that chiefly used by most of our writers on speculative subjects.

Opposite to it and almost the converse of it is Irish English ; where every word taken alone means, or wants to mean, something ; but he who hunts for any meaning in a sentence, will often be at a fault. Every Irishman, it has been remarked, has a potato in his head : I rather think he must have a whole crop of them ; at least, his words are apt to roll out

just like so many potatoes from the mouth of a sack, round, and knobby, and rumbling, and pothering, and incoherent. This style too is common enough; especially that less kindly, and therefore less Irish, modification of it, where the potatoes become prickly, and every word must be smart, and every syllable is to have its point, if not its sting. No style is so appropriate to scribblers for magazines and journals, and other such manufacturers of squibs which are to explode at once, and which therefore must crack and flash to give notice of their momentary existence.

What then is English English? It is the combination of the two; not that vulgar combination in which they neutralize, but that in which they strengthen and give effect to each other: where the character of the whole is not lost from the elaborate prominence and protuberance of the parts, a herring or an onion, a silk gown, or a rut, as it often is in Dutch paint-

ing ; nor are the parts daubed and smeared over with slovenly haste, to fill up the outline, as in many French and later Italian pictures ; but where, as in the choicest works of Raphael or Claude, or of their common mistress, Nature, well-defined and beauteous parts unite to make up a well-defined and beauteous whole. This, like all good things, all such good things at least as are the products of human labour and reflexion, is rare : but it is still to be found amongst us. I have more than once quoted an author in whose pages the combination is almost always realized ; and everybody has seen the writings of another, who is sufficient to assure us that our language has not yet been so diluted and enervated, but Swift, were he living in our days, would still find plain words to talk plain sense in. Nor do they stand alone.

U.

A word which has no precise meaning, is a useless word, and would be better away. For such words seldom abide contentedly in their negative state : they furnish numberless opportunities for abuse, and are teeming sources of error. For instance, how many gross blunders of modern theorizers may be traced to their ignorance or heedlessness that Education is something more than Instruction ? how many to their mistaking Administration for Government, and confounding the offices and duties of the two ?

But in proportion as every word is the distinct sign of the idea it stands for, does that idea form part and parcel of the nation's knowledge. For language is the amber that best preserves the relics of ancient wisdom, although one is sometimes perplexed to decypher its contents ; and by nothing else can the electric spirit of truth be circulated so diffusively. It is a main duty of great writers then, to preserve these stores of wisdom inviolate and undiminished ;

and next, so far as they can, to augment them. But he who knows not how to value what he has inherited, will hardly better or enlarge it. Of this duty, among living Englishmen, none has shown himself so well aware as Coleridge ; which of itself is a sure proof that he possesses some of the most important elements in the philosophical mind.

U.

How few, how easily to be counted up, are the cardinal names in the history of the human mind ! Thousands and tens of thousands spend their days in the preparations which are to speed the predestined change, in gathering and amassing the materials which are to kindle and give light and warmth, when the fire from Heaven has descended on them. But, alas ! when that flame has once been lit up, its very intensity too often shortens its duration. Many, yea without number, are the hewers of wood and drawers of water, the sutlers and pioneers, who

attend on the march of intellect : some are busied in building and fitting up and painting and emblazoning the chariot ; others in diminishing the friction of the wheels ; others again move forward in detachments, and level the way it is to pass over, and cut down the obstacles which would impede its progress. And these too have their reward. If so be they labour diligently in their calling, not only will they enjoy that calm contentedness which diligence never fails to earn ; not only will the sweat of their brows be sweet, and the sweetener of the rest that ensues ; but when the victory is at last achieved, they also will be sharers in its glory : even as the meanest soldier who fought on those saving days, became a sharer in the glory of Marathon or of Leipsic ; and within his own domestic circle, the approbation of which approaches nearest to that of a self-approving conscience, was looked upon as the representative of all his brother heroes, and could tell such tales as made the tear glisten

on the cheek of his wife, and lit up his boy's eyes with an unwonted sparkling eagerness. When however the appointed hour is come, and every thing is ready, the master-mind leaps into the seat that awaits him, and fixes his gaze on heaven, and the self-moving wheels roll onward, and the road prepared for them is soon passed over, and the pioneers and sutlers are left behind, and the chariot advances further and further until its goal is reached, and stands then an inviting beacon on the top of some distant mountain. Hereupon the same labours recur : thousands after thousands must toil to attain on foot unto that point, whither genius had been borne in an instant, and to secure for all by reflexion, what instinct had bestowed upon one. And then again the like preparations are to be made for the advent of a second seer, of another epoch-making master-mind. Thus, when standing on the beach, you may see the *τρικυμία*, as the Greeks called it, distancing not only the waves that went before, but those which come

after it ; and you may sometimes wait long without any reaching the mark which some mighty one, some *fluctus decumanus*, has left.

That there have been such third and tenth waves among men, will be apparent to all who consider how far the main part, not to say the whole body, of our metaphysicians are still lagging behind Plato, or who remember that nearly two centuries had elapsed before we began to have a notion of Shakspeare's depths and heights, of his intense wisdom or his consummate art.

U.

A pin a-day is a groat a-year. Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves. These are admirable prudential maxims with reference to our housekeeping in this world ; nor is their usefulness limited to the purse : that still more valuable portion of our property, our time, stands in equal need of good husbandry. It is only by making much of our

minutes, that we can make much of our days and years.

Again, in the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of kindness recurring daily and hourly, (for they who seek an opportunity of doing a kindness, will evermore find one) that affection is won and deserved. Such as neglect these, yet fancy that, when the time comes, they shall be ready to make any great sacrifice, will rarely be beloved: the probability is, they will not make it; and if they do, it will be much rather for their own sake than for their neighbour's.

But these maxims are still more: they are among the highest maxims of the highest prudence, that which superintends the housekeeping of our souls. The reason why people know not how to do their duty on great occasions, is that they will not take the trouble of doing their duty on little occasions. Here too, let us only take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves; for God himself will

be the paymaster. But how will he pay us? in kind, doubtless; by supplying us with greater occasions, and enabling us to act worthily of them.

U.

Many persons have been called penny-wise and pound-foolish. Still more, I believe, are penny-foolish and pound-wise; could Wisdom be conceived of as existing without a microscope ever in her hand.

U.

I was surprised just now at seeing a cobweb around a knocker; for it was not on the door of heaven.

U.

A man who had been up in a balloon, was asked whether he did not find it very hot, on getting so near the sun? This is much like the vulgar notion of greatness: people fancy they shall get near the sun, if they can but discover or devise something to lift them from the ground.

Having already found one comparison for a balloon, I must leave the reader to draw the parallel between these bladders from the store-room of Eolus, and the means and implements by which men would raise themselves. All however that can be done in this way, God be praised! is infinitely little: the further one is borne above the common plain of humanity, the colder it grows; and manifold experience teaches us that our human strength, like that of Anteus, becomes weakness, as soon as we are severed from the refreshing and renovating breast of our mother earth. U.

An epicure is said to have complained of a haunch of venison, as being too much for one, yet not enough for two. Bonaparte thought the same of the world. What a great man he must have been then! To be sure. Ambition is just as good proof of a strong and sound mind, as gormandizing is of a strong and sound body. U.

Our clergy by reading their sermons lose preaching; the preaching of the voice frequently, the preaching of the eye almost always.

There is no being eloquent for atheism. In that exhausted receiver the mind cannot use its wings: the best of proofs that it is out of its element.

The schoolmen have been accused of syllogizing without facts. Their accusers, many of them, those I mean who sophisticate and explain away the dictates of their consciousness, do worse: they syllogize against facts; facts not doubtful or obscure, but observable and certain; since "to feel a thing within oneself is the surest way of knowing it." *South*, Vol. iii. p. 8.

How should men ever change their religion? In its abasement honour prevents them; in its prosperity contempt. From their heights they

cannot see, because they are so high: in their lowliness they dare not see, because they are too lowly.

The experience of missionaries in all ages and countries has reconciled the seeming discrepancy between the two texts in the Gospels (Matt. v. 3. Luke vi. 20.), and hath shown that the kingdom of heaven is at once of the poor in spirit and of the poor.

U.

Some people would have us love, or rather obey God, chiefly because he outbids the devil.

I was told once of a man lighting a great bonfire in his park and walking through it, to get a foretaste of hell and see what sort of a place it is. One might guess that he must often have been present at scenes which would have furnished him with a far better likeness.

U.

A new-born child may be like a person carried into a foreign land, where every thing is strange to him, manners, customs, sentiments, language. Such a person, however old, would have all these things to learn, just like an infant.

To Adam Paradise was home: to the good among his descendants home is Paradise.

God's first gift to man was religion and a glimpse of personal liberty: his second was love and a home, and therein the seeds of civilization. His two great institutions are two great charters, bestowed on every creature that labours, and on women. And had they been respected as they ought, neither would any poor have been driven to their work like oxen, and trampled down into mere creeping things; nor would any females have been degraded into

brute receptacles for the casual passions of the male.

God, in giving us sisters, gave us the best of earthly moral antiseptics : that affinity, in its habitual, intimate, domestic, desensualized intercourse of affection, presenting us with the ideal of love in sexual separation ; as marriage or total identification does with the ideal of love in sexual union.

It bears the same relation to love indeed, that love bears to human nature ; being designed to disentangle love from sense, which is love's selfishness, even as love was to disentangle men from their selfishness. Yet God again has consecrated sense in marriage ; so that its delights are only called in to be purified and minted by religion. If they are taken from the lad, it is to reserve them for the grown man : if they are precluded to the appetite, it is to raise

their character and endow it with a blessing, that being thus elevated, enriched, and hallowed, they may prove the worthier gift to the chastened and subjected fancy.

Some men treat the God of their fathers, as they treat their father's friend. They do not deny him ; far from it : they only deny themselves to him whenever he is good enough to call upon them.

Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat ?

In the first place, all the sour faces in the world, stiffening into a yet more rigid asperity at the least glimpse of a smile. Nay more, there are many faces which, so long as you let them lie in their drowsy torpor unshaken and unstirred, have a creamy softness and smoothness of aspect, until you half suspect them of

being gentle: but if they catch the sound of a laugh, it acts on them like thunder, and they too turn sour. Yes, although one should hardly have expected it, there are such incarnate paradoxes as would rather see their fellow creatures cry than smile. So far as this life is concerned, they seem to feel sure that every thing ought to be the exact reverse of what we look forward to in the next life. At least I have not yet heard of any among them, who has climbed to such a height of frenzy as to condemn the evil spirits to joy and gladness, or to make the bliss of heaven consist in wailing and gnashing of teeth. God however is not the arch-misanthrope, in spite of what the raving Ultra-Calvinist may assert: he who had that highest and dearest privilege of being admitted into the most intimate communion with the Son of God while he dwelt on earth, has certified us of the contrary: he has made that blessed declaration, *God is love*.

But secondly, there is a large class of persons

who look on the business of life as far too serious and momentous to make light of it, who would leave pleasure to children, and laughter to idiots, and who deem that a joke would be as much out of place on their lips, as it would be upon a grave-stone, or in a ledger. Wit and Wisdom being sisters, not only are they afraid of being indicted for bigamy were they to wed both, but they shudder at such an union as incestuous : so, to keep out of temptation's way, and to preserve their faith where they have plighted it, they turn the younger out of doors ; and if they see or hear of anybody taking her in, they are positive that he can know nothing of the elder. They would not be witty for the world : now to escape being so is not very difficult, least of all to such as nature has so favoured that wit in them is always at zero or below it. And for their wisdom, as they take good care never to over-feed her, she jogs leisurely along

the turnpike-road, with lank and meagre carcase, displaying all her bones, and never getting out of her own dust : she feels no inclination to be frisky ; but if she falls in with a coach or waggon, like her rider is glad to run behind a thing so big. Now all these people take grievous offence, if any one ventures to come near them better mounted than themselves ; and they tremble all over lest the neighing and snorting and prancing should be contagious.

But is there really any great harm in a jest ? any base folly in mirth ? any heinous sin in being happy ? If so, then God is, what he has been blasphemously called, “ the author of evil : ” for he has filled the world with sources of joy ; in his universe there is not a spot but is a bubbling spring of living gladness. Cannot a man be in earnest without wearing a perpetual frown ? or is there less sincerity in Nature during her playful gambols in spring, than during the stiffness and harshness of her wintry gloom ? And

is it then altogether impossible to take up one's abode in Truth, and to let all sweet homely feelings grow about it and cluster around it, and to smile upon it as on a kind father or mother, and to sport with it and hold light and merry talk with it as with a loved brother or sister, and to fondle it and play with it as with a child? Yet no otherwise did Socrates and Plato commune with Truth; no otherwise Cervantes and Shakspeare. "Le méchant n'est-jamais comique," is the wise aphorism of the philosophic De Maistre, when he is canvassing the pretensions of Voltaire (*Soirées de St. Petersburg*. i. 273); and the converse is equally true: Le comique, c'est à dire le vrai comiqué, n'est jamais méchant. On the contrary, the demeanour of those who protest against any sound more airy than a bleat, as a disparagement to Truth, is now and then owing less to their deep feeling of the importance of the truth, than of the importance of the person by whom the

truth is maintained. Olivia lets us into the secret of Malvolio's distaste for the clown.

Frequently as I have already quoted Landor, I cannot here pause without advising such of my readers as delight in the contemplation of wisdom arrayed in beauty, to study the exquisite allegory in which he represents the playfulness of Truth. (*Imag. Conv.* vol. ii. pp. 613-616.) It has the voice as well as the spirit of Plato.

Nobody who is afraid of laughing, and laughing heartily too, at his friend, can be said to have a true and thorough love for him. For I believe there never was a person much worth loving, in whom there was not something well worth laughing at. That frailty, without some admixture of which man has never been found, and which seems as inseparable from a mortal as mortality itself, which forms in the bad the gangrene for their vices to rankle and fester in,

shows itself also in the best men, and attaches itself even to their virtues. In them however it appears rather in their occasional digressions than in their deviation from the line of canonical perfection : it is the earthly particle that refracts and tints the colourless ray ; it is what gives the determinate features and characteristic expression to their minds, and constitutes them real persons instead of being only personified ideas ; and this it is that enables us to sympathize with them as with our fellow-creatures, not merely to gaze and be amazed at them. This incongruity and incompleteness, this contrast between the pure spiritual principle and the manner and form of its outward manifestation, contains in it the very essence of the ridiculous : the discord coming athwart the tune and blending with it, when it is not painful is ludicrous. Not seldom too the very majesty of the principle makes its sallies appear more extravagant : the higher the tree of virtue rises, the wider will be

the range of its oscillations; and in this nobler sense also is there but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Not only does the contrast deepen, but there is a sportive playfulness in true magnanimity, that, feeling the inadequateness of any earthly raiment, it is well-pleased to clothe itself, like the godlike Ulysses, in rags. At nothing else can one laugh with such goodwill, and at the same time with such innocence and good-humour; nor can any laugh be more free from that contempt, which has very erroneously been considered as implicit in the feeling of the ridiculous. The steadfast assurance and imperturbable loyalty of love are displayed, not in blinking and looking askance from the object we profess to regard, and leering upon some imaginary counterfeit, some puppet of our own fancies tricked out in such excellencies as we are pleased to bestow on it; but in gazing fixedly at our friend, such as he is, admiring what is great in him, approving what is

good, delighting in what is amiable, and retaining our admiration and approbation and delight unsullied and undiminished, at the very moment when we are vividly conscious that he is still but a man, and has something in him of mortal weakness, something of humorous peculiarity, or something of disproportionate enthusiasm. U.

Let your humour always be good-humour, in the double sense of the phrase : if it comes from a bad humour, it is almost sure to be bad humour. U.

Every age has its besetting sins ; every condition its attendant evils ; every state of society its diseases to the action of which it is especially liable. The pest which dogs high civilization, is the fear of ridicule ; and seldom has its contagion been so noxious as at this day in England. Is there anybody now living, among the upper classes at least, who has not often been

laughed out of what he ought to have done, and laughed into what he ought not to have done? Who has not sinned? who has not been a runagate from virtue? who has not stifled his best feelings? who has not mortified his noblest desires? only that he might not be laughed at. The robbers and monsters of the olden time no longer infest the world; but the race of scoffers has jumped into their shoes: you may carry your wealth about you securely; of your genius or virtue the best part must be locked up in your closet; for the man of the world is the Procrustes who now lays down his bed and binds you to it; and, to fall short of it being scarcely possible, whatever in you transgresses its limits, is cut off without mercy. One of these beds has blue curtains with yellow trimmings; the drapery of a second is of a weakish watery mud-colour; and so on: for in this one respect Procrustes has grown more courteous with the age; his bed has got curtains.

Unfortunately there is no Theseus to rid us of him. Still, great as may be the actual harm such people do, the effects of their baneful influence spread far more widely: a panic is produced, which lies like a nightmair on the breast, and quells and quenches the very springs of life.

But is not this strangely contradictory of what was said before? and does it not amply justify a sentence of transportation for life against jesting and ridicule? By no means: if people would but discern and distinguish, instead of confusing and confounding, they would perceive that the best way of putting down the abuse of a thing, is, to make it useful. The busy have no time to be fidgety. It is little to overthrow an idol, unless you replace it with the idea of which it is the sediment; and you will find no measure so effectual for keeping people from doing mischief, as teaching them

to do good, and supplying them with good to do. v.

None stumbles so readily as the blind ; none is so easily scandalized as the ignorant. But are we not to beware lest we "offend any of these little ones ?" Assuredly : we are to beware of it from love, or, if that cannot compel us, from fear. No wise man, as was before remarked, will offend the weak, in that which pertains to their faith : for observe, this is a portion of the offence condemned in the Gospel ; it is the offending the little ones who believe in Christ. In the whole too of his direct intercourse with others, the wise man's principle will be the same ; inasmuch as he will be desirous of instructing, not of imposing, and in order to teach, must try to conciliate. Thus will he act ; for thus acted he, in whom, above all men, we behold the conscious self-abasement and reasonable self-sacrifice of the loftiest and mighti-

est intellect. Like Paul, every truly wise man will to the weak become as weak, that he may gain the weak, and be made all things to all men; not however in that worldly spirit which is made all things to all men for its own purposes, but in order that he may by all means benefit some. He who wishes to edify, does not erect a column, as it were a gigantic I, an enormous mark of admiration at himself, within which none can find shelter, and which contains nothing beyond a stair to mount through it: he will build the lowly cottage for the lowly, as well as the lordly castle for the lordly, and the princely palace for the princely, and the holy church for the holy. Or, if to effect this surpass the feebleness of one individual, he will do what he can: he will lay out and garnish such a banquet as his means enable him to provide; and so long as he invites not those who are likely to be disgusted by it, he is nowise to blame if they choose

to intrude among his guests, and to disgust themselves. When they find themselves out of their places, let them retire: the meek will. A man's servants complained to him of his feeding them on salmon and venison: the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego did not like bread or wine: reason enough for not forcing what they disliked down their throats: but no reason at all for not giving wine and bread to an European, or for not placing salmon and venison before such as relish them.

They who would have no milk for babes, are in the wrong: they who would have no strong meat for strong men, are not in the right. v.

If the Bible is what it professes, a published code of duty, conventional morality at best consists only of man's conjectural emendations: generally they are mere finger-marks.

Neither the ascetics, nor the intolerant anti-

ascetics, seem aware that the austere Baptist and social Jesus are but opposite sides of the same tapestry.

It has been a matter of argument whether poetry or history is the truer.

Why! who could ever doubt it? History tells you every thing that has actually taken place; while poetry deals with nothing but fictions as they call them, that is, in plain English, with lies.

Gently! gently! Very few histories tell us what has actually taken place: they tell us what somebody once conceived to have taken place, and this too mostly at third or fourth or sometimes at twentieth hand; while the tale gets a new coat of paint from every successive tenant; or rather they tell us what the historian pleases to think about this tale, or about half a dozen or a dozen of them that pull each other in pieces.

Then history must be utterly good for nothing.

Softly again! There is no better sport than jumping at a conclusion; but it is as well to look a little before one leaps; for the ground has often a trick of giving way under one. Many histories, if you like a bigger word we will say most, are worth very little. Some are only faggots of dry sticks, chopt off from trees of divers kinds, and bundled up indiscriminately together; others are baskets of fruit, over-ripe and half-ripe, chiefly windfalls, crammed in without a leaf to part them, and pressing against and mashing one another; others again are mere bags of soot, swept down from the chimney through which the fire of human action once blazed. But on the other hand there are histories the worth of which is beyond estimation. Almost all autobiographies are as valuable as they are interesting, even where the

writer has nothing of Goethe's clearsighted socratic irony; even where his vanity leads him to make himself out a prodigy of talents, like Cellini, or a prodigy of worthlessness, like Rousseau. Memoirs too, such as Xenophon's and Cesar's, and those of several moderns, convey much of profitable instruction. Still more precious is the story of his own time recorded by a statesman, who has trod the field of political action, and who has stood near the source of events and looked into it, when he has indeed a statesman's discernment, and knows how men act and why. Such are the great works of Clarendon, of Tacitus, of Polybius, and above all of Thucydides. The last has hitherto been and is likely to continue unequalled: for the sphere of history since his time has been so manifoldly enlarged, it is scarcely possible for any one mind to circumnavigate it; and moreover the more decorous nicety of modern manners has forbidden that naked exposure as well of the character as of the

limbs, which the ancients were rude enough not to take offence at. In Thucydides too, and in him alone, do I find that union of the poet with the philosopher, which is essential to form a perfect historian: he has the imaginative and plastic power of the first, the reflexion and discretion of the latter; and all his other faculties are, as they ought to be, under the dominion of the most penetrative practical understanding.

Well then! good history after all is truer than that lying.

I must again stop you; recommending you in future discussions, when the wind changes, to tack like a skilful seaman, not to veer round like a weathercock. The latter is the too common practice of such as are beginning to generalize: they are determined to point at something, and care little at what. When you have more experience, you will discover that general principles, like the wind, are very useful to such as manage their sails by them, but

of no use at all to those who point at them : the former go on, the latter go round. Thucydides, true and profound as he is, cannot be truer or profounder than his contemporary Sophocles, whom in these qualities, as in the whole tone of his genius and even of his style, he so nearly resembles : he cannot be truer or more profound than Shakspeare. So Herodotus is not more true than Homer, nor less. You might fairly match Euripides against Xenophon, barring his *Anabasis* ; and Livy, like Virgil, would have a good chance of being distanced, were truth to be the winning post. To come nearer home, Goldsmith's poems, even without reckoning the best of them, his inimitable *Vicar*, are far truer than his histories ; so are Smollet's novels than his ; and Voltaire's tales than his. As for your favourite Hume, he wrote no novels or tales that I know of, except his *Essays* ; and they are quite as true as his History.

What do you mean ? History, that is, good

history, Thucydides if you choose, tells us facts ;
and nothing can be so true as a fact.

Did you never hear a story told two ways ?

Yes, a score of ways.

Were they all true ?

Probably not one.

You see, there may be statements of facts,
which are not quite true.

To be sure, where people tell lies.

Often, very often, without it. There is not
half the falsehood in the world that some men
would persuade us of ; much as there may be,
and greatly as that quantity is increased by
suspicion always scratching around every sore
place. Three fourths of the mis-statements and
misrepresentations we hear, have another ori-
gin. In the majority of instances perhaps, the
feelings of the relater give a tinge to the ob-
ject, which his understanding is not self-pos-
sessed enough to rub off. In many cases, dis-
crepancies will arise from a difference in the

perceptive powers of the organs which contemplate ; whether that difference be natural, or result from cultivation, or from peculiar habits of thought : in others people cannot help seeing diversely, because they look not from the same point of view. The cloud which Hamlet in bitter mockery of his own weakness and vacillation shows to Polonius, is at one moment a camel, the next a weasel, the third a whale : so is it with those vapoury, cloudlike, changeface things we call facts : the selfsame action may at one moment and by one man be regarded as patient and beneficent, by another as crafty and selfish, and by a third as stupid and porpoise-like. But to have done with this, I am half inclined to try whether you will take another turn round. Every fact, you say, if correctly stated is a truth.

Certainly ; it is only another word for the same thing.

Now, supposing I were to assert that no fact can be a truth.

You will not easily persuade me of that.

I wish not to persuade you of anything, except to follow the legitimate dictates of your own reason. I would convince you, or rather help you to convince yourself, that a fact is only the outward form and sign of a truth, its visible image and body; and that of itself and by itself it can no more be a truth, than a body of itself is a man: although common opinion in the former case, and common parlance in the latter, has trodden down the distinction.

I will not dispute this: but in the statement of a fact or action I include the exposition of its causes or motives.

It has been said of some books, that the sauce is worth more than the fish: so your stuffing is certainly worth more than your bird. This is the very point I want to see you at. A historian then must deduce and unfold events, and must situate them rightly in the endless concatenation of causes and conse-

quences, and must carry them home to their birthplace among the ever-multiplying family of fate. He must also, since human actions are his chief theme, exhibit them at once as growing and as grown up, and as receiving their complexion and gait from the character of the agents ; so that human character as modifying and modified by circumstances, man controuling and controuled by events, will be the historian's ultimate object. The same is the first object of the poet : he starts, where the historian ends.

But the historian's facts are true ; the poet's are professedly fictitious. When I have read Herodotus, I feel certain that Xerxes invaded Greece ; after reading Homer, I am left in doubt whether Agamemnon ever sailed against Troy.

And how much the wiser are you for being certain of the former fact ? or how much the less wise for being left in doubt about the latter ? Your mind may be more or less complete as a chronological table ; but that is all.

The human, the truly philosophical interest in both cases is the same, whether the swords were actually drawn and the blood shed, or not : or do you think you should be wiser still, if you but knew who forged the swords, and what mine they got the metal from, and who dug it up ? and then again, who made the spades used in the digging, and so on ? or how many ounces of blood were shed, and what crops were afterward fattened by it ? The true knowledge, the knowledge of real importance to man in the study of his own nature, is the knowledge of the principles and passions which were at work, and by which the results were, or, if they were not, might have been, produced ; just as in all other sciences it matters little whether such or such a combination of phenomena was witnessed on such a day in such a place, provided we know the principles they result from and represent, and the laws by which they are regulated.

But how can the poet teach us this with anything like the same certainty as the historian?

Just as a chemist may illustrate the operations of nature by an experiment of his own devising, with a greater clearness and precision of evidence than any natural appearances will admit of. The poet has his principles of human nature, which he is to embody and impersonate; for to deny his possessing them, is to deny his being a poet; the historian at best has his facts, which he is to set in order and to animate. The former has the foot, to measure and make a shoe for; the latter has got the ready-made shoe, and must hunt for a foot to put into it. Now in which of the two cases is the shoe likeliest to fit well?

In the former unquestionably, if the fellow knows anything about his craft.

I agree with you: but do you not perceive that in granting this you have conceded the very point we have been arguing? you have

admitted even more than the equality I pleaded for; you say the poet is likelier to speak truth than the historian. Perhaps you are right. An illustration from a kindred art may throw some light on our path. The portrait-painter has every advantage of the historian, with a task incomparably less arduous, his subject being so closely defined and of such narrow compass; while the poet's condition is not unlike that of a person drawing a head for a historical picture, as it is somewhat unaptly termed; the adjective *ideal* or *imaginative* or *poetical* would more suitably describe it. In the first case the artist has the features given him, and is to breathe life into them and characteristic expression; a life which has the calm of permanence, not the fitful flush of the moment; an expression which expresses the man's entire and enduring character, not the casual predominance of any one temporary impulse: and hereby, no less than by the absence

of that complacency with which people cannot help contemplating their own features, and of the endeavour to put on their best and sweetest faces when their own eyes are to feast upon them, ought a portrait to be distinguished from an image in a glass. Yet in spite of the comparative facilities, how very few portrait-painters have accomplished anything like this! in how few of their works have even the best come quite up to it! A head which is at once an ideal head and a real head, that is, in which the features are at the same time thoroughly human, and correct exponents and true symbols of character, may be met with more frequently in ideal pictures. Not however that the painter of such a picture, any more than the poet, neglects the study of living subjects, and gazes on nothing but the phantoms of his imagination or the puppets of his theory: the famous story of Leonardo, that same Leonardo who himself composed a theo-

retical treatise on painting, sitting in the market-place in search of heads for his *Lord's Supper*, proves the reverse. But these living heads were the materials which he shaped and modified and combined: he did not content himself with transcribing them. For the great difficulty, as soon as one has begun to make excursions into the higher regions of thought, is, to discover anything like answerable realities, to atone our ideas with our perceptions: and this difficulty is greatly heightened, when we are not allowed to deal freely with such materials as our perceptions supply to us, but must bring down our thoughts to a kind of forced wedlock with some one thing just as it is. The immediate presence of reality too is wont as it were to overlay the mind, and to disable it for the full exertion of its powers. We cannot enter into the object before us; and yet there before us it stands, half-felt, half-understood; such as it is, it abides; we cannot change it: we

must be content to leave it in its indistinctness and incomprehensibleness, too happy if instead of incomprehensible we do not make it unmeaning. I need not point out to you how all these hinderances are multiplied in history : the scene of operation is boundless ; so much of it is under the black cloak of night, while other large portions are wrapt in mists, and some few spots are even dazzling, if not dark, with excessive brightness ; the events are so inter-twisted and conglomerated, sometimes thrown all together in a heap, often spreading themselves out like the Rhine until they lose themselves in a marsh, and now and then after their disappearance rising up again, as they fable of the Alpheus, in a distant region, while the communication lies hidden underground ; the statements of events, as we have already seen, are at such variance with each other ; the actors are so numerous and promiscuous ; so many indistinguishable passions, so many tangled opinions,

so many mazy prejudices, are at work, engaging in a sleepless conflict wherein every man's hand and heart seem to be against his neighbour: that a perfect, consummate history of the world may reasonably be deemed the loftiest of all the objects to which the intellect of man can aspire, although without the hope of ever achieving more than a very distant approximation thereto. Indeed how should it be otherwise? seeing that the history of the world is one of God's own great poems: how can any man aim at doing more than reciting a few brief passages from it? Such are man's poems, the best of them: the same principles which appear to govern the destinies of mankind, are exhibited in their action within a narrower sphere, where their influence is more easily discernible and can be brought out more distinctly. Such too would be man's histories, could other men write history in the same vivid imperishable characters wherewith Shakspeare has recorded our

civil wars. Look at his *King John*; look at any historian's: which gives you the liveliest and faithfulest representation of that monarch and of his age? which most forcibly exposes his vices? and yet in Shakspeare he is still a man, and as such we cannot help having some feeling for him; in the historians, he is a monster, a mere brute, the object of cold contemptuous loathing. The historian usually takes you behind the scenes, and keeps you there, desiring you to observe the rouge and the tawdry tinsel, and to watch the working of the machinery; the poet exhorts you to look on and listen attentively to the performance. Supposing it were a drama of any human poet, from which position would you acquire the truest notion of his meaning?

There cannot be a doubt, from the latter.

The same position then will perhaps best enable you to detect the meaning of the Almighty Poet, in other words, to know truth.

Yet in one respect at all events history has

the best of it. When reading poetry, you may at times be beguiled into supposing that people have now and then acted honestly and disinterestedly : whereas almost all the historians I ever read, concur in making it out that nobody ever did a good deed, unless it was by mistake, except because he could not just then do a bad one, or because he wanted a better purchase to do a bad one at some future time.

Did you ever act rightly yourself, without any blunder, or any impotence, or any bad motive ?

Do you mean to insult me ? I hope I have, often.

Are all your friends a pack of abandoned rascals ?

Good morning, sir ! I have no friend who is not an honest man ; and civility and courtesy are among their good qualities.

Wait a few moments. I congratulate you on your good fortune, and only wish you would

not imagine that you stand alone in it. I would have you judge of others, as you would have them judge of you, and believe that there have been other honest men in the world besides you and your friends.

But how can I believe it, when all history assures me of the contrary?

How can you believe that your friends are so utterly different from all the rest of mankind?

I do not know. This puzzled me once; but, as I could not clear it up, I left off troubling my head about it.

Let me give you a piece of useful advice. When your feelings tell you any thing, and your understanding contradicts them, especially should your understanding be only echoing the voice of another man's, be not over-hasty in sacrificing what you feel to what you think you understand. You cannot do it in real life, as you showed just now: do it not in speculation.

Endeavour to reconcile the disputants where you can; and as the speediest and surest means of effecting this, try to bring about an explanation concerning the origin of the difference; endeavour to understand not only your feelings but your understanding. You have been touching the very point in common histories which is the falsest; and the reason why such falsehood is thus prevalent among historians, is, that very few historians have enough of the poet in them.

They want a little imagination, I suppose, to varnish over a man's vices.

They want imagination to conceive a man's character, without which it is impossible to comprehend his conduct. What Themistocles did may have been right in Themistocles, although it would have been wrong in Aristides: the behaviour of Alcibiades may have been excusable in him, while it would have been severely reprehensible in Pericles. But historians are apt

to write from the understanding alone, and therefore weakly and vainly. For no faculty, no, nor even the Jews' harp, is so monotonous as the understanding; while the imagination embraces and contains the full, perfect, magnificent diapason of nature. And as ignorance, after it has once mistaken itself for knowledge, has always been contumelious, so the understanding, having presumed that it understands all things, when it finds anything which it cannot understand, immediately begins to abuse. It can make no allowance for any diversities of character or principle or opinion: it can see no truth except in itself: it can approve of nothing but what coincides with it; whatever is different it condemns. Beholding all things under the category of cause and effect, it lays down as its prime axiom, that every action must have a motive; and as its dealings are almost wholly with outward things, it determines that the motive of every action must lie in something

external. Since all actions, inasmuch as they manifest themselves in space and time, subsist under the category of causation, there is little difficulty in tracing them to such a source, and none in insisting that it must be the only source. Now the outward motive of an action, when it stands alone, must always be imperfect, and very often corrupt : so this source will mostly be impure ; or if it be too pure and clear, nothing is easier than to trouble it : you need only tear up a flower from the brink and throw it in. Every good deed does good, even to the doer : this is God's law. Every doer of good is good, and worthy of admiration and high esteem : this is man's instinctive way of fulfilling and realizing God's law. No good deed is done, but for the good which the doer gets from it : this is man's intelligent way of blaspheming and, so far as in him lies, annulling God's law. You, my young friend, know that it is otherwise in

yourself: your conscience enlightened by your reason commands you to uphold no action as good, but such as you perform without a thought of any good to yourself from it. You conceive, I doubt not, rightly, that you sometimes act thus yourself; you are confident that your friends do. Hold fast to that confidence: cleave to it; preserve and cherish it, as you would your honour, that sacred Palladium of your soul: do more: extend it unto all: enlarge it until, as the rainbow embraces the earth, it embraces all those whom God has made in his image: cast away from you that dastardly prudential maxim which enjoins you to trust none until you have tried him; do you on the contrary never distrust any, until you have tried him and found him fail: nay, after he has failed, trust him again, even until seven times, even until seventy times seven; so peradventure your good thoughts of him may win him to entertain better thoughts of himself: and be

assured that in this respect above all others Poetry knows far more of God's world, with whatever justice History may vaunt of knowing the most about the Devil's world. U.

Poetry is the key to the hieroglyphics of Nature.

If Painting be Poetry's sister, she can only be a sister Anne, who will see nothing but a flock of sheep, while the other bodies forth a troop of dragoons with drawn sabres and white-plumed helmets. I.

Shakspeare's genius could adapt itself with such nicety to all the varieties of ever-varying man, that he has portrayed in *Titus Andronicus* the very dress of mind which the people of the declining empire must have worn; and I can conceive that the degenerate Romans clothed their thoughts exactly in such words. The say-

ings of the free-garmented folk in *Julius Cesar* could not have come from the close-buttoned generation in *Othello*. Although human passions are the same in all ages, still there are modifications of them dependent on the circumstances of time and place, which Shakspeare has always perceived and expressed: he has thus given such a national tinge and epochal propriety to his characters, that one may exclaim, even when one sees Jaques in a bag-wig and sword, on being told that he was a French nobleman: This man speaks as if he lived in the time when the Italian taste was prevalent in France. How differently does he moralize from King Henry or Hamlet! although their morality, like all morality, comes to pretty nearly the same conclusion.

I.

Many persons, feeling the truth expressed in the foregoing remark, have been perplexed at the language which Shakspeare in his *Troilus and Cressida* has put into the mouth of the Greek

chiefs: for nothing can be less like the winged words of the Iliad. To describe it by one of his own illustrations:

Knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

It seems almost as if Shakspeare had chosen for once to let his thoughts travel by his friend Chapman's heavy waggon: such is the similarity between the style of the council-scene, and that of *Bussy d'Ambois* and Chapman's other graver writings. And doubtless this furnishes the solution of the difficulty. Shakspeare's acquaintance with Homer was through Chapman's translation; a considerable part of which was published some years before *Troilus and Cressida*: so that Agamemnon and Ulysses talk in English, just as Shakspeare naturally supposed them to have talked in Greek.

v.

We are too fond of attributing preeminence to

every thing ancient; perhaps to make amends for our parsimony in approving of any thing modern.

R.

There are men who think Johnson profound . . and elegant.

U.

Johnson's mind may have been comprehensive, but it was the comprehensiveness of a narrow mind. Whatever he laid hand on, he squeezed out of shape. If he saw far, it was along a passage the walls of which shut out all light, above, below, on the right hand, and on the left.

U.

The progress of knowledge is slow, like the march of the sun. We cannot see him moving, but after a time we may perceive that he has moved onward.

U.

Wisdom is alchemy.

U.

What is the good of bad pictures? much the same as of good: to please such as like them. v.

A poet, to be popular, ought not to be too purely and intensely poetical. He must have some ordinary poetry for ordinary readers, as well as extraordinary poetry for readers better than ordinary. I have seen many who received from no poem of Wordsworth so much pleasure, as from the *Lines written while sailing in a boat at evening*. The reason is, that they are almost the only verses among Wordsworth's, which almost any other person might have written, that is, bating the purity and delicacy of the language and the sweetness of the versification. So again among Landor's *Conversations*, the general favorite seems to be that between Kleber and some French officers; partly because there is something of a story in it, and in part because, beautiful and characteristic as it is, still it is not so far removed as most of its companions

beyond what other writers have done and can do. _____ U.

People stare much more at a paper kite than at a real one. _____ U.

The first object in writing, is, to say what you have to say.

Is it indeed? I never knew that: and yet I have written many long articles in the — *Review*; and as I heard they were admired, I supposed they were admirable. _____ U.

A cobweb is soon spun, and sooner swept away. _____ U.

An epithet is an addition: but an addition may be an incumbrance. Stuff a man into a featherbed, and he will not move so limberly or briskly: the very implements of flying weigh us down, if they be not rightly adjusted, if out of

place, or over-ponderous. And yet many writers cram their thoughts into nothing lightsomer than a featherbed of words. Their epithets weaken, oftener than they strengthen. Indeed no class of men is more frequently liable to Hesiod's censure :

Νήπιοι, οὐδὲ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλεόν ἤμισιν παντός.

As a general maxim, no epithet should be used, which does not express something not expressed in the context, nor so implied as to be immediately deducible. Above all shun abusive epithets : let those who can wield nothing more powerful, throw offensive words. It is before the fire burns strongly, that it smoulders and smokes : when mightiest, it is also brightest and clearest. A modern historian of the Cesars would hardly bridle his tongue for five lines together : we should hear of nothing but the *perfidious* Tiberius, the *ferocious* Caligula, the *blood-thirsty* Nero, the *cruel* Domitian, the *tyrant*, the *monster*, the *fiend*. Tacitus, although not weak in indignation, knew that

no gentleman ever pelts with eggshells. If the narrative warrant a sentence of condemnation, the reader will not be slow in pronouncing it: by taking it out of his mouth you affront him. "I have observed in Demosthenes and Thucydides (says Landor, *Imag. Conv.* Vol. I. p. 129), that they lay it down as a rule, never to say what they have reason to suppose would occur to the auditor and reader, in consequence of any thing said before, knowing that every one is more pleased and more easily led by us, when we bring forward his thoughts indirectly and imperceptibly, than when we elbow them and outstrip them with our own." Such a practice may perhaps be carried too far: but if the principle made our language more temperate, it would be eminently beneficial. Moreover we are all disposed to compassionate even the culprit when we see him meet with hard words as well as hanging.

There is a difference however as to the use of

epithets, between Poetry and Prose. The former is allowed to be more profuse of what is circumstantial and accidental. Ornaments which might be in keeping with a ball-dress, would be unseasonable of a morning. The walk of Prose is a walk of business, along a road, with an end to reach, and without leisure to do more than take a glance at the prospects : whereas Poetry's is a walk of pleasure, among fields and groves, where she may often stop and gaze her fill, and even stoop now and then to pluck a flower. Yet ornamental epithets are not essential to poetry : if you conceive they are, read Sophocles, and Dante. v.

Most people seem to think the coat makes the gentleman : almost all fancy the diction makes the poet. Many readers are unable to discover that there is any poetry in *Sampson Agonistes* ; and very few have any notion that there is almost as much as in *Comus*. v.

Perhaps it is when the Imagination flies the lowest, that we see the hues of her plumage.

U.

The beauty of a pale face is no beauty to the vulgar eye.

U.

Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after your bucket runs over, prevents its keeping full.

U.

Do and have done. The former is the easiest.

U.

How many faithful sentences are written now? that is, sentences in which there is neither too much light, nor too much shade.

U.

Modern poetry, like

The swan on still St. Mary's Lake,
Floats double, swan and shadow.

Even in Wordsworth himself, one too often sees the reflexion as well as the object. Look for instance at those fine lines on the first aspect of the French Revolution :

Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth,
The beauty wore of promise ; that which sets
(To take an image which was felt no doubt
Among the bowers of paradise itself)
The budding rose above the rose full-blown.

When reading these lines I have always wished that the third and fourth were omitted, or rather that the whole passage were constructed anew ; for the thought is beautiful. But it is not duly woven into the context : we seem to see the reverse side of the tapestry, with the rough ends of thread sticking out. It is brought in reflectively, rather than imaginatively. A parenthesis, where it interrupts the continuity of a single thought, without a coincident interruption of feeling, is ill-suited to poetry : you will hardly improve your pearl, by splitting it in two for the sake of inserting an

emerald between the halves. The expression *to take an image* is prosaic. The Imagination does not take images : it inhales them and breathes them forth again, like air, gently and quietly, not with a noisy husky cough. It gathers whatever is most precious, and scatters it abroad no less largely ; leaving it to the clerks in the counting-house of the Understanding to tell out their pieces of money one by one, and to inform you how much they have given you.

But if Wordsworth sometimes has this blemish in common with his contemporaries, he has beauties peculiarly his own. If we see in his pages both swan and shadow, yet in them too

Through all her depths St. Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted ;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

U.

Your good things would be a great deal better,
if you did not think them so good. He who is

quick to laugh at his own jests, must generally distance his companions and laugh alone. U.

La France, c'est Moi a dit Louis XIV. *Le monde, c'est Moi* dit tout le monde. U.

Many nowadays write what may be called a dashing style. Unable to put much meaning into their words, they try to eke it out by certain marks which they attach to them, something like pigtails sticking out at right angles to the body. The perfection of this style is found in the articles by the Editor of the Edinburgh Review, and in Lord Byron's Poems, above all in the *Corsair*, deservedly his most popular work, seeing that all his faults came to a head in it. A couplet from *the Bride of Abydos* may instance my meaning:

“A thousand swords—thy Selim's heart and hand—
Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command!”

How much grander this is, than if there had

been nothing between the words but commas ! even as a pigtail is grander than a curl, or at least has been deemed so by many a German prince. Tacitus himself, when translated, is drest after the same fashion, with a skewer jutting out of him here and there. The celebrated sentence of Calgacus becomes :

“ He makes a solitude—and calls it—peace !” The noble poet places a flourish after every second word, like a vulgar writing-master. But perhaps they are only marks of admiration, standing prostrate, as Lord Castlereagh would have termed it. Nor are upright ones spared.

U.

“ In good prose (says Schlegel) every word should be underlined !” that is, every word should be the right one ; and then no one would be rightier than another. There are no italics in Plato.

U.

The great misfortune of the present age, is, that one cannot stand on one's feet, without calling to mind that one is not standing on one's head. U.

Others besides Pygmalion have fallen in love with their own handiwork. U.

An admired preacher is in the habit of saying, that in preaching the thing of least consequence is the sermon. His experience seems to have led him to the same conclusion with Demosthenes, when he declared that in speaking Delivery is the first thing, and the second, and the third. For this reason oratorical excellence is rightly called eloquence. Commonly indeed the apophthegm of Demosthenes has been limited to Action, whereby it becomes a startling paradox. Cicero had unluckily used the word Actio; and many an error has arisen from confounding special significations of words

which seemingly correspond like *Actio* and *Action*. But I believe the Latin *Actio* was never restricted within our narrow bounds: the vivid senses of the Romans were aware that the more spiritual members of the body could act, as well as the grosser and more massive. The context in the three passages of Cicero (*De Orat.* iii. 56. *De Clar. Orat.* 38. *Orat.* 17.,) ought to have obviated the blunder: his principal agents are the voice and the eyes: *animi est enim omnis actio, et imago animi vultus, indices oculi*. Even after the mistake had been made, it ought to have been corrected on perceiving that Quintilian has substituted *Pronunciatio* for *Actio* (xi. 3.) But the whole story is plain, and the exaggeration accounted for, when we read it in Libanius or in the Life of the Ten Orators ascribed to Plutarch. Every one has heard of the bodily disadvantages Demosthenes had to contend with: never did any man more triumphantly demonstrate the supreme dominion of the mind

over the body : for few have possessed more natural disqualifications for oratory, than the greatest and most impressive of orators. Having one day been coughed down, as we call it, he was walking home despondently. Eunomus the Thriasian, who was already an old man, meeting Demosthenes encouraged him ; and so did the actor Andronicus still more, telling him his speeches were well, but that he wanted what belonged to action and delivery, (τὰ τῆς ὑποκρίσεως.) He then reminded him of what he had spoken in the assembly ; whereupon Demosthenes believing him gave himself up to the instruction of Andronicus. Hence, when somebody asked him what is the first thing in oratory, he said Ὑπόκρισις, *Manner*, or *Delivery* ; what the second ? *Delivery* ; what the third ? *Delivery*.

Genius is always unconscious of its own worth : if a man of genius be a vain man, he will be vain of what is not his genius. But

we are apt to overrate a talent which has been laboriously trained and cultivated. If Petrarch looked to his *Africa* for immortality, and Shakspeare to his Sonnets; and if Bacon “conceived that the Latine volume of his Essayes, being in the universal language, might last as long as bookes last;” it was not unnatural that Demosthenes should value somewhat too highly an attainment which had cost him so much trouble; and in which the speech of Eschines, *What would you have said, if you had heard the beast himself?* proves that he achieved so much in overcoming the disabilities of his nature. Besides *ὑπόκρισις*, it cannot be denied, is of very powerful efficacy, and, a friend suggests, forms the essence of oratory in more senses than one. U.

There are persons to whom one's favorite phrase of endearment would be *You little devil, I hate you.* I.

Most people, I think, must have sometimes been visited by those moods of waywardness, in which a feeling adopts the language of its opposite. Oppressive joy makes us shed tears : frantic grief laughs. So inadequate are all the corporeal exponents of our feelings, that when a feeling swells mightily, it bursts through its ordinary face, and lays bare its reverse. Something of this sort is discernible in the above-mentioned exclamation of Eschines : no compliment could have expressed his admiration of his rival so forcibly, as the single word *θῆριον*.

U.

The general opinion on the merit of an imaginative work may be ultimately right : immediately it is likely to be wrong ; and this likelihood increases in proportion to the power exerted therein. The history of literature drives us to this conclusion. It is true, there have been cases, in which the calm judgement of posterity

has confirmed the verdict pronounced by contemporaries : but although the results have been the same, the way of arriving at them was different. What Jonson said of him in whom above all other men the spirit of poetry became incarnate, applies to poetry itself : " it is not of an age, but of all time." In the very act of rendering itself an immanent power in the life of the world, it advances, as our phrases imply, beyond its own age and rises above it. Now from the nature of man, no age has ever been able to comprehend itself : a Thucydides or a Burke may discern some of the principles which are working, and may guess the consequences they are bringing on : but they who draw the car of Destiny cannot look back upon her ; they are impelled onward and ever blindly onward by the throng pressing at their heels. Far less then can any age comprehend what is beyond it and above it.

Besides much of the beauty in every great

work of art must be latent : like the Argive seer, αἰδοῦν ἄριστον, ἀλλ' εἶναι θέλει. It is profound, and few can sound depth : it is sublime, and few can scan highth : it has a soul in it, and few eyes can see through the body. If orator Puff is wrong in employing as many words about a riband as a Raphael, it is because every one can perceive all the merits of the former. At the exhibition of the King's pictures last year, Grenet's church with its mere mechanical dexterity of perspective had more admirers, ten to one, than any of Rembrandt's wonderful masterpieces, more, fifty to one, than Venusti's picture of the Saviour at the foot of the cross : for you will find fifty who can appreciate mechanism, sooner than one who knows anything about art. It surprises me not, to be told that Euripides was a greater favorite at Athens than Sophocles : what surprises me, is, that any audience should ever have been capable of listening with pleasure to the intensely high and

deep notes of Sophocles. Neither is it surprising that Jonson and Fletcher should have been more admired than Shakspeare: the contrary would be far more surprising. I have been told that Schiller must be a greater poet than Goethe, because he is more popular in Germany: were he less popular, I might be led to fancy that there may be something in him, besides what thrusts itself so prominently on the public gaze.

We are deaf, it is said, to the music of the spheres, from the narrowness and dimness and dullness of our perceptive organs: so is it with what is noblest and loveliest in poetry: few admire it; because few have perceptions comprehensive and quick and strong enough to feel it. Among my own friends, although I feel pride in reckoning up many of surpassing talents, I can hardly bethink myself of more than one possessing that calmness of contemplative thought, that insight into the principles and laws of the

imagination, that familiarity with the forms under which it has in various ages manifested itself, that happy temperature of activity not too restless or impetuous with a passiveness ready to receive the impression of the poet's mind, and the other qualities which alone fit a person to pronounce candidly and intelligently on questions of taste.

How then do great works ever become popular? In the strict sense they never do: they never can be rightly esteemed by the commonalty, because they can never be fully understood by them. No author, I remarked before, is more inadequately understood than Shakespeare. But what great author is in a better plight? is Plato? or Sophocles? or Dante? or Bacon? or Behmen? or Spinosa? Look only at Homer. How the Greek critics misunderstood him! who found every thing in him except a poet. How Virgil must have misunderstood him, when he conceived he was writing a poem like

the Iliad ! How those men must have misunderstood him, who have pretended to draw certain irrefragable laws of epic poetry from his works ! laws which are as applicable to them, as the rules of carpet-making are to the side of a hill in its spring-tide glory. How must Cowper have misunderstood him, when he congealed him ! and Pope, when he bottled up his streaming waters in couplets, and coloured them until they became as gaudy as the window of a chemist's shop !

Nevertheless in the course of time the opinion of the intelligent few determines the opinion of the unintelligent many. Public opinion flows through the present as through a marsh, scattering itself in numberless little brooks, taking any casual direction, and often stagnating sleepily ; until the more vigorous and active have gone before and made or embanked a channel along which it can follow them. In this way it has indeed one voice for what is past, and that voice is the voice of the judicious : but it has an end-

less concert or rather dissonance of voices for what is present; and amid such a mob the wisest are not likely to be the loudest. For they have the happy feeling that Time is their ally; and they know that hurrying impedes, oftener than it accelerates. When however people are at length persuaded that they ought to like a book, they are not slow in finding out something to like in it: our perceptions are tractable and ductile enough, if we earnestly desire that they should be so.

Sophocles is the summit of Greek art; but one must have scaled many a steep, before one can estimate his highth: it is because of his classical perfection that he has generally been the least admired of the great ancient poets: for little of his beauty is perceptible to a mind that is not thoroughly principled and imbued with the spirit of antiquity. Homer lived before the Greeks had cut themselves off so abruptly

from other nations ; his national peculiarities are not so distinctly marked ; in many respects he nearly resembles such bards of other countries as have sung in a like state of society : hence he perhaps on the whole has been the chief favorite among the moderns, grossly as even he has often been misunderstood. Next to him in popularity, if I mistake not, come Euripides and Ovid, who have been fondled in consequence of their possessing several modern epidemic vices of style. They have nothing spiritual, nothing ideal, nothing mysterious : all that is valuable about them, is spread out on the surface : they are full of glittering points ; some of the gems are true, and few have eyes to distinguish the false : they have great rhetorical pathos ; and in poetry as in real life clamorous importunity will excite more feeling than silent distress : they are skilful in giving characteristic touches, rather than in delineating characters ; and the former please every body, while only few take much thought about the latter : in

fine, they are immoral, and they talk morality. U.

The Romans had no love of beauty like the Greeks; they held no communion with nature like the Germans. Their one idea was Rome; not ancient fabulous poetical Rome, but Rome warring and conquering and orbis terrarum domina. S.P.Q.R. is inscribed on almost every page of their literature. With the Greeks all foreign nations were *βάρβαροι*, outcasts from the precincts of the Muses: to the Roman every stranger was a *hostis*, until he became a slave. Only compare the Olympic with the gladiatorial games. The object of the former was to do homage to Nature, and to exalt all her excellent gifts; that of the latter to appease the thirst for blood, which no longer found gratification in the slaughter of foes. None but a Greek was deemed worthy of being admitted to the first; but a Roman would have thought himself degraded by a mimic combat, in which the victory lay

rather with the animal than the intellectual part of man. He left such sport to his toys, slaves and wild beasts. To him a triumph was the ideal and sum total of happiness; and verily it was something grand.

U.

Histories used often to be stories: the fashion now is to leave out the story. Our histories are stall-fed: the facts are absorbed by the reflexions, as the meat is sometimes by the fat.

U.

C'est affreux comme il est pâle ; il devrait mettre un peu de rouge : cried a woman out of the crowd, as the first consul rode by at a review in 1802. She thought a general ought to shew a little blood in his cheeks. One might say the same of sundry modern philosophical treatises.

U.

Some minds give one the notion of an abyss of shallowness.

U.

When a man says he sees nothing in a book, he very often means that he does not see himself in it; which, if it is not a comedy or satire, is likely enough.

What a person praises is perhaps a surer standard even than what he condemns, of his character, information, and abilities. No wonder then that in this prudent country the generality are so shy of praising anything.

Many carry their characters in their hands; not a few under their feet. U.

Most painters have painted themselves. So have most poets: not so palpably indeed, but more assiduously. Some have done nothing else. U.

Nothing is so proper in England, as property. En France le propre est la propriété. U.

Misers are the greatest spendthrifts. U.

What a lucky fellow he would be, who could invent a beautifying glass ! How the customers would rush to him ! A royal funeral would be nothing to it. Nobody would stay away, except the two extremes, those who were satisfied from their vanity, and those who were content in their humility. At present one is forced to take up with one's eyes ; and they, spiteful creatures, won't always beautify quite enough. U.

Every body has his own theatre, in which he is manager, actor, prompter, playwright, scene-shifter, boxkeeper, doorkeeper, all in one ; and audience into the bargain. U.

A great talker ought to be affable. U.

C'est un grand malheur qu'on ne peut se battre sans combattre. U.

Poorly must he have profited by the study of Plato, who declared, *Malo cum Platone errare, quam cum istis vera sentire.* A maxim of this sort may serve for such as are not ordained to the ministry of Truth: the great majority of mankind must in all things take much for granted; as indeed everybody must in many things: men who are to act, must be able to look up to certain guiding principles of faith, fixed like stars high above the changeable and stormy atmosphere of their cares and doubts and passions, principles which they must hold to be eternal, from their fixedness and from their light. The philosopher too will needs take much for granted, seeing that the capacities of human knowledge are so limited: only his assumptions will be in lower and commoner matters: for his thoughts dwell among principles: he mounts like the astronomer into the regions of the stars themselves, and measures their magnitudes and their distances, and calcu-

lates their paths, and distinguishes the fixed from the erring, the solar sources of light from the satellites which fill their urns with radiance at the everlasting fountains; and distinguishes moreover those which preserve their regular beatific courses, from the vagrant emissaries of destruction. He must have an implicit entire faith in the illimitable benevolence and beneficence, that is to say, in the divinity of Truth: he must devoutly believe that God is Truth, and that Truth therefore is one with God.

Cicero, I am aware, attributes that speech to the youth whom he is instructing; a circumstance overlooked by such as have tried to support their own faintheartedness, by calling at his house for something to recruit their spirits with. But he immediately applauds his pupil, and makes the sentiment his own. *Macte virtute* (he says): *ego enim ipse cum eodem illo non invitus erraverim*. It is evident from this sentence, and ample confirmation might be

adduced, that what Cicero admired so much in Plato, was any thing but his philosophy. On the contrary, as he himself often forgot the thinker in the talker, so, his eye for words having been sharpened, as a tailor's is for clothes; by continual practice, even in others he looked rather at the make of the garments their thoughts were arrayed in, than at the countenance or the body of the thoughts. What he valued most in Plato, was his eloquence; the true worth of which however is its perfect aptness to exhibit the thoughts it contains, or, so to say, its transparency. For while in most other writers the thoughts are only seen dimly, as in water, where the medium itself is visible and distorts or obscures them, being often turbid, often coloured, and having usually no little mud in it; one almost looks through the language of Plato as through air, discerning the exact forms of the objects that stand therein, and every part and shade of which is brought out by the sunny

light shining upon them. Indeed when reading Plato, one hardly thinks about the beauty of his style, or perceives any thing about it except its brightness. But, as having felt the sensation of sickness makes us feel and enjoy the sensation of health, so does familiarity with denser and murkier authors render us sensible to the clear daylight of Plato. Cicero however could almost have extracted the beauties of Plato, as somebody has extracted the beauties of Shakspeare; which give about as good a notion of his beauty, as a *pot pourri* gives of a flower-garden, or as extracting tooth after tooth would give of a beautiful mouth. As to Plato's pure candid impartial philosophy, Cicero was too full of prejudices to sympathize with it. Philosophy was not his daily bread, but a medicinal cordial in his afflictions: he loved it not for itself, but for certain results which he desired and hoped from it. In philosophy he was never more than an eclectic, a kind of

philosophical pawnbroker, in other words, no philosopher at all : for the philosophical mind ascends unweariably to original necessary principles, and halts not until it reaches the living streaming sources of truth ; whereas the eclectic stops short when he likes, at any arbitrary accidental conclusion. The philosophical mind is systematical, linking all things together as parts of a great whole, and impregnating them all with the electric fluid of order ; while other people see them disjointedly and one by one. A philosopher incorporates and animates ; an eclectic heaps and ties up. A philosopher puts unity into multiplicity ; an eclectic on the other hand puts multiplicity into unity. The former opens the arteries of Truth, the latter its veins. Cicero's legal habits peer out through his philosophical cloak, in his constant appeal to precedent, his unlimited deference to authority : for in law, as in all other things, the practitioner goes not beyond maxims, that is,

secondary or tertiary principles, taking his stand upon one of the mounds which his predecessors have erected. And although, from his reverence for Plato, Cicero adopted for his own treatises the form of the dialogue, of all forms the fittest for setting forth philosophical truths in their free intercommunion with each other, without chaining up Truth and making her run round and round in the mill of a partial and narrow system; still he has nothing of the dialectic spirit; his disputants wrestle not with one another, as they did in the intellectual gymnasia of the Greeks: after some preliminary remarks and the interchange of a few compliments distinguished for that urbanity wherein no man surpasses him, he throws off the constraint of logical analysis, and his speakers sit down by turns in the portico and deliver their dogmatical harangues, just as in some bad play, every personage tells you his whole history at full length, and of course all to his own advantage.

You must not interrupt them with a question for the world : you would be sure of putting them out.

But if the love of Plato be an unjustifiable cause of error, still more condemnable as such a cause is the hatred or contempt of any one, be he who he may. Could the father of lies speak truth, it would be our duty to believe him when he did so.

U.

There are some fine passages, I hear, in that book.

Are there ? Then beware of them. Fine passages are mostly *culs de sacs* ; for even in books one finds

“ Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.”

U.

Few books have more than one thought : the generality indeed have not quite so many.

The more talented authors of the former seem to think that, if they once get their candle lighted, it will burn on for ever. Yet even a candle gives a sorry melancholy light, unless it has a brother beside it, to shine on it and keep it in good cheer. For lights and thoughts are social and sportive; they delight in playing with and into each other: one can hardly imagine a duller state of existence than sitting at whist with three dummies: and yet it is not often that the most renowned philosophers have done any thing else.

· U.

We all love to be in the right. Granted: we like well enough to have right on our side, but are not always over-anxious about being on the side of right. We like to be in the right, when we are in it; but we do not like it, when we are in the wrong. At least seldom have persons after childhood been very thankful to those who are kind enough to guide them from the wrong

to the right. Seldom indeed has any one been able to repeat from his heart the magnanimous profession of Socrates in the *Gorgias*: "I am one of those who would gladly be confuted, if I should say any thing not true, and would gladly confute, if any say anything not true; but would no less gladly be confuted than confute: for I deem it a greater good: inasmuch as it is a greater good to be freed oneself from the greatest of evils, than to free another: and nothing, I conceive, is so great an evil, as a false opinion on matters of moral concernment."

But it is not surprising that abstract truth should commonly kick the beam, when weighed against any personal prejudice or predilection; since even in things of more immediate human interest, we are often beguiled by our egotism into desiring not that which is desirable in itself, but that which we have in some manner identified with our vanity and our credit. If a misfortune which a man has prognosticated,

befalls his friend, the monitor will often cry out to him almost exultingly : *Did not I tell you so? Another time you will take my advice...* as if forsooth any would be willing to take advice from so cold-hearted a counsellor. There are those too, I am afraid, who would rather see their neighbours suffer, than their own forebodings fail. Jonah is not the only prophet of evil, whom "it displeased exceedingly," and who was "very angry," because God "is a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth him of the evil:" and the beautiful apologue of the gourd is still and, I fear, ever will be of very general application. What are our favorite pleasures, for the loss of which we are angriest, even unto death? but mostly such gourds, "for which we have not laboured, neither made them grow, which came up in a night, and perished in a night." On them we have pity, because they were a shadow over our heads, to deliver us

from our griefs, and because their withering exposes us to the sun and wind. Yet let a man once have turned his face against his brethren, and that not for the wickedness of their hands or of their hearts, but only for their holding some doctrine which he deems erroneous; and it is not unlikely that he will be reluctant to "spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixty thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle." U.

The last words of the foregoing quotation remind me that, in estimating the motives for and against any measure or measures, we rarely, if ever, look beyond the way in which men will be affected. Our lordly eyes cannot stoop to notice the happiness or misery of the animals beneath us; for none, except God, careth for more than a small particle of the creation. In reckoning up the horrors of war, we forget to

mention the sufferings of the cattle. I shall not easily forget a deserved rebuke I once received from William Schlegel. He had spoken of his having entered Leipsic on the day after the battle; and I asked him whether it was not a glorious moment, thoughtlessly, or rather thinking more of the mighty consequences, than of the scene itself. *Glorious!* he exclaimed: *how could any body think about glory, when crossing a plain covered over for miles with thousands of his brethren, dead and dying! And what to me was still more saddening, was the sight of the poor horses lying about so helplessly and patiently, uttering only deep heavy groans of agony, with none to assist them.*

U.

A lawyer's brief will be brief, before a free-thinker thinks freely.

U.

The most bigoted persons I have known have been in some things the most sceptical:

the most sceptical notoriously are often the greatest bigots. How account for this? except on the supposition that they are trees of the same kind, accidentally planted on opposite hillocks, and swayed habitually by the violence of opposite and partial gusts, which have checked their growth, twisted their tops, and pointed their stag-heads against each other with an aspect of hatred and defiance.

Young men are often told that the first of duties is to render oneself independent. But the phrase, unless it mean that the first of duties is to avoid hanging, is very unhappily chosen; saying what it ought not to say, and leaving unsaid what it ought to say. It is true that in a certain sense the first of duties is to become free: because freedom is the previous condition for the fulfilment of every other duty, the first principle of a rational soul. Until the umbilical chord is severed, the child can hardly be said to have a separate existence. So long as

the heart and mind continue in slavery, it is impossible for the man to offer up a voluntary and reasonable sacrifice of himself: and in slavery, since the fall, we are all born; from which slavery by some act of our own, half-conscious it may be, or almost unconscious, we must emancipate ourselves. By some act of our own, I say: for although we cannot lift ourselves out of the pit, we must take hold, or at least wish to take hold, of the hand that offers to lift us out of it. A person must have cast off the tyrannous yoke of the flesh and its frailties and its lusts, before he can become the faithful and diligent servant of his country and of his God. Thus we perceive that the true motive for our setting ourselves free, is, that we may exhibit that freedom in resigning it, by an act to be renewed every moment, ever retaining it, and ever resigning it; to the end that our service may be entire, that the service of the hands may likewise be the service of

the will : even as the apostle, being free from all men, made himself servant unto all. For according to the great Christian paradox, "who-soever will be great, let him be a minister, and whosoever will be chief, let him be a servant."

Nothing can be more directly opposed to the sublime humility of this precept, than the maxim which enjoins independence. Independence at best is a mere negation, a specious nonentity putting on the semblance of a form amid the indistinct hazy baseless words which have been driven over our language from foreign regions : whereas freedom is something positive and real. If our dictionaries, which however in such matters are very unsafe guides, may be relied upon, the word *independence* in its modern acceptation came into use soon after the Revolution : the earliest instance of it cited is from Pope, but is such as shews it to have already been a common expression. Nor is it ill suited to that age of superficial disjointed broken thought,

when the work of cutting off the present from the past began, and men first took it into their heads that all the evil in the world was the result, not of their own worthlessness and vices, but of what their ancestors had done and established. That such an unscriptural word should not occur in our Bible, is not surprising: for what is independence, when we resolve it into its parts, except a kind of synonym for irreligion. But neither, I believe, is it to be found in any writer of those days, when men were trained by the exercises of logic to think and speak more severely and more exactly. It probably came over to us from France; though the religious sect that chose to set forth in their name their rejection of all authority, may have facilitated its admission. Originally it perhaps belonged to the Latinity of the schoolmen: for the Romans never acknowledged either the word or the thing: and it may have been coined, like some other similar terms, for the sake

of expressing one of those negations out of which Philosophy usually makes up its God ; in which sense Segneri says : l'indipendenza è un tesoro inalienabile di Dio solo. In this way Independence may be used significantly : but when applied to man, it directly contradicts the first and supreme laws of our nature ; the very essence of which is universal dependence upon God, and universal inter-dependence on one another. With such a state freedom is not irreconcilable : indeed if our dependence is to be reasonable and voluntary, freedom, as I have already remarked, is necessary to it. Shakspeare in his *Measure for Measure*, (*Act. iv. sc. iii.*) has combined the two words ; the Provost there replies to the Duke, *I am your free dependent* ; where free signifies voluntary, willing. Now in a somewhat different sense we ought all to be free dependents. But nobody can be an independent dependent.

Moreover freedom is susceptible of degrees,

according to the capacity for freedom in the person by whom it is attained. There is one freedom in the peasant who is unable to read, and whose time is almost engrossed by bodily labour, but who humbly reveres the holy words declared to him on his one day of weekly rest ; and there is another freedom in the poet, or philosopher, or statesman, or sovran, who, with a full consciousness of the sacrifice he is making, well knowing what he is giving up and why, and feeling the strength of the reluctancies he has to combat and over-power, increased as it is by the increased opportunities for gratifying them, still in singleness of heart devotes all his faculties to the service of God in the various ministries of good will toward men. There is one freedom in the maiden who in her innocence knows not of sin, neither its allurements nor its perils, and whose life glides onward gently and transparently amid flowers and beneath shade ; and another freedom in the man whose stream must

flow through the haunts of his fellow-creatures, and must receive into it the pollution of cities, and will needs become muddy if it be turbulent, and can only preserve its purity by its majestic calmness and might. There was one freedom in Adam before his fall, and another in Paul after his conversion. And yet, though everywhere different, it is everywhere the same: although it admits of innumerable gradations, in every one it may be entire and perfect; and wherever it is entire and perfect, all lesser distinctions vanish. One star may indeed appear larger and brighter than another; but they are all permitted to nestle together in the impartial bosom of night; and keep journeying onward for ever, one mighty inseparable family: nay those which seem the smallest and feeblest, may perchance in reality be the largest and most glorious; only our accidental position deceives our judgement. But independence neither admits of degree nor of equality, neither of difference

nor of sameness. Nothing ever was, or ever can be, or was ever conceived to be independent; except indeed the atoms of the corpuscular philosophy: and even this philosophy was convinced that out of nothing nothing can come, that a hubbub of independent entities can produce only a hubbub of independent entities: so after rarefying the contents of its logical airpump until it was impossible for any thing to subsist therein, it was forced to turn the cock and let in a little air for the sake of giving its atoms a partial impulse, and thus bringing them to coalesce and interdepend.

Nor let it be said that this is merely a fanciful quibble about words, and that independence and freedom mean the same thing in the end. They never did; they do not; they cannot. A minus and a plus quantity may be denoted by the same numeral; but so far are they from being the same, that they destroy one another. Freedom and Independence are no less incompat-

tible. The one has the breath of life in it; the other is only the spectral ghost, never seen until Freedom is dead. The essence of the former is love; for it is love that delivers us from the bondage of self: its home is peace, from which indeed it often wanders far, but for which it always feels a homesick longing: whereas the essence of Independence is hatred and jealousy, its home never-ending warfare. It was not until the true idea of Freedom, as not only reconcilable with order and law and the obedience of the soul, but requiring them imperatively and indispensably, was fading away, that the new word Independence was set up in its room: and since that time the apostles of independence in political and social life, and of atheism, that kindred nonentity, in religion, have so bewildered both their hearers and themselves, it is become very difficult to revive the idea of true Freedom, or to make people understand that it is not necessary, in order to their

becoming free, for them to pull down the whole edifice of society, and scatter its stones around them in singleness and independence on the ground.

v.

Ἀνάρκεια was a virtue among the Greeks : and yet it is self-sufficiency.

v.

Multa fiunt eadem sed aliter. I have alluded to the efficacy of manner in oratory ; and every attentive observer must have remarked its incalculable importance in all the occasions and circumstances of social life. Nay, even where the materials are the same, and where the order of their arrangement is also the same, much will still depend on the manner in which they are combined and massed together. An ice-house is not a nice house ; and a dot turns a million into one.

v.

The prophet who was slain by a lion, had a

better death than Bishop Hatto, who was eaten up by rats. Neither the crab that walks with its back foremost, nor the polypus, that fittest emblem of a democracy, rank so high among animals as to make us very ambitious of imitating them in the construction of the body politic. Indeed there seems to be an instinct among animals, to hang down their tails ; except when the peacock spreads his forth in the sunshine of a gala day, with its rows of eyes tier above tier, like the vista of a merry theatre. Unless Society can effect by education, what Lord Monboddoo asserts man has done by willing it, and can get rid of her tail, it will be as well to let the educated classes preserve their natural station at the head. U.

Philosophy cannot raise the commonalty up to her level : so, if she is to become popular, she must sink to theirs. U.

It would be somewhat strange, unless absurdities and contradictions were of all things the commonest in the history of mankind, that the operation of mathematical science, proceeding as it does purely from the Reason, should both in England and France have been, by a kind of parricidal act, to destroy the empire of that power from which it emanates, and which alone can make it stable and certain, to abolish its authority, and, if not utterly to extinguish its name, to do worse by debasing it and communicating it to that empirical understanding which at best is only its prime minister and *Maire du Palais*. A man who fashions his conduct so as to fit all the corners and crannies of civilized life, and who moreover has the snow-ball's talent of gathering something at every step, is called a very reasonable man: while he who devotes himself to the service of some idea breathed into him by his Reason, and who in his zeal forgets to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, is by all esteemed most

unreasonable, and by many pitied as half-mad. Perhaps however such was the natural and for a time unavoidable consequence, when mathematics were enlisted among the retainers of Commerce, and when the abstractions of Geometry, being employed among the principles of mechanism, could be turned to account, and were therefore greedily grasped at for purposes of trade. Profitable Science cast unprofitable Science into the background : she was ashamed of her poor sister, and denied her. The multitude, the half-thinking half-taught multitude has always been idolatrous ; it requires for its excitement some visible tangible effigy of that which cannot be seen or touched : thus the same perverseness which led men to worship the creature instead of the Creator, also led them to set up utility as the foundation of morality, and to substitute the occasional rules and variable maxims of the Understanding for the eternal laws and principles of the Reason.

Whatever is the object of our unceasing attention, will naturally be the chief object of our interest. Even the feelings of speculative men become speculative : they care about the notions of things, and their abstractions, and their relations, much more than about the realities. Thus an author's blood often turns to ink : words enter into him ; and nothing can obtain entrance except by the passport of a word : he cannot admire any thing, until he has had time to reflect and throw back its cold inanimate image ; blind to every shape but a shadow, deaf to every sound but an echo. Inverting the legitimate process, he considers things as the symbols of words, instead of words as the symbols of things.

U.

The mind is like a trunk : if well-packed, it holds almost every thing ; if ill-packed, next to nothing.

The balance of powers in the human constitution has been entirely subverted by the divorce between the body and mind, occasioned by the seductive influences of civilization. The existence of one class in society has been rendered wholly corporeal, that of the other almost wholly intellectual; but intellectual in the lowest meaning of the word, and so that the intellect has been degraded into a mere caterer for the needs and enjoyments of the body, instead of being itself its own enjoyment and its own end. Moreover the pernicious and enfeebling effects of bodily pleasure can only be counteracted by the invigorating tendencies of bodily labour; while bodily labour without bodily pleasure converts the body into a mere machine, and brutifies the soul.

U.

Literary debauchery is no less destructive of sympathy with the living world, than sensual debauchery. Mere intellect is as hard-hearted

and as heart-hardening as mere sense; and nothing but the union of the two is requisite, to produce an ideal of the demoniacal in our nature: unfortunately too there is no repugnancy between them. Witness Iago, Tiberius, and Borgia.

U.

The body too has its rights; and it will have them: they cannot be trampled on without peril. The body ought to be the soul's best friend. Many good men however have neglected to make it such: so it has become a fiend and has plagued them.

U.

People have been sounding the alarm all over Europe against what they call *obscurantism* and *obscurantists*; thinking, I conceive, that whatever meddles with obscurity ought to have an obscure name. Their alarm is timely: indeed it would never be out of time: for the true obscurantists are the passions of men, the real obscurantism is bigotry. And liberals may be bigots; even

as protestants may hold an exclusive faith. They may even be worse than their adversaries, from thinking themselves better. U.

Hold thy peace! says Wisdom to Folly. *Hold thy peace!* quoth Folly to Wisdom.

Fly! says Light to Darkness; and Darkness echoes back, *Fly!*

The latter chase has been going on since the beginning of the world, without an inch of ground gained on either side. I hope it has been otherwise in the contest between Wisdom and Folly. U.

Few minds are sunlike, sources of light in themselves and to others: many more are moons that shine with a borrowed radiance. One may easily distinguish the two: the former are always full; the latter only now and then, when their suns are shining full upon them. U.

Many expressions once apt and emphatic have been so rubbed and worn away by usage, that they retain as little substance as the skeletons of wheels which have made a tour on the continent. They glide at length like smoke through a chimney, not even impinging against the roof of the mouth ; and after a month's repetition they leave nothing behind them more solid or more valuable than soot. Words gradually lose their character, and from being the tokens and exponents of thoughts, become mere air-propelling sounds. Boyle, we are told, never uttered the name of God, without bowing his head. Such practices are indeed all liable to dangerous abuse : a superstitious value is often attached to the outward act, even when it is separated from the inward and spiritual ; and we know that the eye has often ogled a lover, while the fingers have been telling Ave-Maries on a rosary. It may be too that, among the educated, listlessness of mind is rather encouraged

by any regular formal recurring movement of the body. Still there is a value in every thing that helps us to preserve the freshness and elasticity of our feelings, that enables the heart to leap up at the sight of the rainbow in manhood and old age, as it did in childhood. Even the evils of our much abused climate are thus in many respects blessings: they give a liveliness to our enjoyment of a fine morning in spring, a joy which cannot be felt between the tropics.

How then is our nature to be fitted for the joys of Paradise? How can we be happy incessantly, without ceasing to be happy? How is satisfaction to be disentangled from satiety? which now palls on the heart and intellect, almost as much as on the senses, so that wedded love is a thing people stare and wonder at. A strange and mighty transformation must be wrought within us. Our hearts must no longer be capricious: our imaginations must no

longer be vagrant : our wills must no longer be wilful.

U.

At the close of a hot summer the children in the streets look almost as pale and parched up as the grass in the fields ; and every object one sees may suggest profitable meditation on the incapacity of every thing earthly, be it human, animal, or vegetable, to support unmingled uninterrupted sunshine : a truth which the sands of Africa teach as demonstratively, as the polar ice teaches the converse.

U.

Nothing hides a blemish so completely as cloth of gold. Generally speaking, this is the first lesson that heirs and heiresses learn. Would equal pains were taken to convince them, that the having inherited a good cover for blemishes, does not entail on them any absolute necessity of providing blemishes to cover !

Quærenda pecunia primum est; Virtus post nummos. But that post never comes in, at least until the Greek Kalends.

U.

Messieurs, Mesdames, voici la vérité. Personne n'écoute. Personne ne s'en soucit. Personne n'en veut. Peut-être on ne m'a pas entendu. Essayons encore une fois. Messieurs, Mesdames, voici la véritable vérité. Elle vient exprès de l'autre monde, pour se montrer à vous. On passe en avant. On s'enfuit. On ne me regarde que pour se moquer de moi. Malheureux que je suis, on me laissera mourir de faim. Que faire donc? Il faut absolument changer de cri. Messieurs, Mesdames, voici le vrai moyen pour gagner de l'argent. Mondieu! Quelle foule! Je ne peux plus J'étouffe.

C'est une histoire là qui est assez commune.

U.

One sees a number of people nowadays with bills upon them, *To be lett or sold*. They profess also to be furnished: but everybody knows what the furniture of a ready-furnished house is.

v.

The original principle of all lots is confidence in the immediate ever-present all-ruling providence of God, and in his interposition to direct man's judgement, whenever that judgement is at a fault. The same was the principle of trials by ordeal. But here, as in so many other cases, the practice long outlasted the principle that had prompted it: although the soul fled ages ago, the body still cumber the ground and poisons the air. Duels have taken the place of the ancient combats; and having lost the belief which in some measure justified the religious lotteries of our ancestors, we betook ourselves to mercenary lotteries in their stead. The motive was no longer

to obtain justice, but to obtain money; the principle, reliance, not in all-seeing all-regulating wisdom, but in blind all-confounding chance.

U.

We ask, what is the use of a thing? Our forefathers asked, what is a thing good for? They saw far beyond us. A thing may seem, and to a certain extent may be useful, without being good: it can never be good, without being useful. The two qualities indeed always coincide in the end: but the merit of a criterion is to be simple, plain, and as nearly certain as may be. Now that which sincerely seems good to any man in a sound and calm state of mind, always is so: that which seems useful, may often be mischievous; and, I believe, always will be mischievous, unless some reference to good be introduced into the solution of the problem: for no mind ever sailed steadily, without moral principle to ballast and

right it. Besides, when you have ascertained what is good, you are already at the goal; unto which utility will only lead you by a long and devious circuit, where at every step you risk losing your way. You may abuse, you cannot ungood. U.

It is much easier to think aright without doing right, than to do right without thinking aright. Just thoughts may fail of producing just deeds; but just deeds always beget just thoughts. For when the heart is pure and straight, there is hardly any thing which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate concernment: but the clearest understanding can do little in purifying an impure heart, or the strongest in straightening a crooked one. You cannot reason or talk an Augean stable into cleanliness. U.

The most melancholy thing about human na-

ture, is, that a man may guide others into the path of salvation, without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot, and yet a castaway.

U.

One of the wonders of the world is the quantity of idle purposeless untruth, the lies which nobody believes, and which everybody tells, as it were from the pure love of lying; or as if the bright form and features of truth could not be duly brought out, except on a dark ground of falsehood.

U.

The greatest truths are the simplest: so likewise are the greatest men.

U.

Greece is a land of tombs: but every tomb is an altar.

U.

The exception proves the rule, says an old maxim, which has often been greatly abused.

As it is commonly brought forward, it mostly happens that the exception only proves the rule to be a bad one, to have been drawn negligently and presumptuously from scanty premises, and to have overreached itself. Naturally enough it is unable to keep hold of that on which it never laid hold. Else the exception may prove that the forms of the understanding are not sufficiently pliant and plastic to fit the exuberant multitudinous varieties of Nature; who shapes not her mountains by diagrams, nor marks out the channels of her rivers by measure and line. In a different sense however, the exception not only proves the rule, but makes the rule. The rule of human nature, the canonical idea of man, is not to be taken as an average from any given number of human beings: it must be formed from the choice and chosen few in whom that nature has come the nearest to what it ought to be. You take not the idea of a cup from

a broken one, nor that of a book from a foxed and dog's-eared volume, nor that of any kind of animal from one maimed or mutilated or distorted or diseased : in every species the specimen is the best which can be produced. So the idea of man is not to be taken from stunted souls, or blighted souls, or wry souls, or twisted souls, or sick souls, or withered souls, but from the healthiest and soundest, the most whole and wholesome, the straightest, the rightest, the highest, and the purest.

U.

Men ought to be manly ; women ought to be womanly or feminine : they may be masculine ; men cannot ; but only men can be effeminate. For masculineness and effeminacy imply the evident predominance in the one sex of that which is the proper virtue of the other. Not that these virtues are anywise inconsistent. The manliest heart has often all the

gentleness and tenderness of womanhood ; as the most feminine will manifest in time of need all the strength and calm bravery of manhood. But that which is in some measure alien, should be subordinate to that which is the natural inmate. The softness in the man ought to be latent, as the waters lay hid within the rock in Horeb, and should only emerge on some heavenly call : the courage in the woman should sleep, as the light sleepeth in the pearl. For the perception of fitness is a main element in the perception of pleasure : what is agreeable to nature, is agreeable ; what is disagreeable to nature, is disagreeable. And we shall find that our hearts, with all their waywardness, and in spite of all the tricks we play with them, still on the whole keep true to their original bent : women admire and love in men whatever is most manly, as men love and admire in women whatever is womanly and feminine. Wit-

ness, among numberless other proofs, the dislike and disgust with which everybody sees a pair of blue stockings. U.

Congruity is not beauty : but it is essential to beauty. In every well-regulated mind the perception of incongruity impedes and interrupts the perception of beauty. Hence the recent opening of the view upon Saint Martin's church has marred the beauty of the portico : the heavy steeple presses down on it and crushes it : the combination is no less monstrous and absurd than it would be to tack on the last act of Addison's *Cato* to the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles. U.

One is much less sensible of cold on a bright day than on a cloudy. U.

If life were nothing more than life, perhaps

the aptest symbol of it would be a Janus, with a grinning Democritus in front, and a wailing Heraclitus behind. . . . U.

“It is singular (says Novalis) that the real ground of cruelty is lust.” The truth of his remark flashed across me this morning, as I was looking into a bookseller’s window, where I saw *Illustrations of the Passion of Love* standing between two volumes of a History of the French Revolution. . . . U.

Humour is perhaps a sense of the ridiculous softened and meliorated by a mixture of human feelings. For there certainly are things pathetically ridiculous; and we are hard-hearted enough to smile smiles on them, much nearer to sorrow than many tears.

Not a few Englishmen seem to travel abroad for the sole purpose of finding grievances. They

might just as well stay at home. *Cœlum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt.* U.

The most venomous animals are reptiles. The most spiteful among human beings rise no higher. Many a reviewer would do well to remember this: for he belongs to a class who are much too fond of thinking that their business is to be as gall-ing and as malicious as they can. U.

Some would make themselves a way through life, as Hannibal is said to have done across the Alps, by pouring vinegar on them. Or they take a hint from their housemaids, who brighten the fire-irons by rubbing them with something rough. U.

Would you touch a nettle without being stung by it? take hold of it stoutly. Do the same to other annoyances, and hardly will any thing annoy you. U.

Home-made wits are like home-made wines, sweet, luscious, spiritless, without body, and ill to keep.

U.

A teacher is a kind of intellectual midwife. Many of them too discharge their office after the manner enjoined on the Hebrew midwives: if they have a son to bring into the world, they kill him; if a daughter, they let her live. Strength is checked, boldness is curbed, sharpness is blunted, nimbleness is clogged, highth is depressed, elasticity is trodden down, early bloom is nipped: feebleness gives little trouble, and excites no alarm; so it is let alone. How then does Genius ever contrive to escape and gain a footing on this earth of ours? The birth of Minerva may shew us the way: it springs forth in full armour: as the midwives said to Pharaoh, "it is lively, and is delivered ere the midwives come in."

U.

A literal translation is better than a loose one, just as a cast from a fine statue is better than an imitation of it: for copies, whether of words or things, must be valuable in proportion to their exactness. In idioms alone, as a friend remarked to me, the literal rendering cannot be correct.

It is almost peculiar to the Bible, that it loses little of its force or dignity or beauty, by translation into any language, wherever the translation is not erroneous. One version may indeed surpass another, inasmuch as its language may be more expressive and majestic: but in all, the Bible contains the sublimest thoughts clothed in the simplest and most fitting words. It was written for the whole world, not for any single nation or age.

One peculiarity about the translations, is, that the translators have been induced by their reverence for the original, to render it with the ut-

most faithfulness. They were far more studious of the matter, than of the manner; and there is no surer preservative against writing ill, or more potent charm for writing well. Perhaps if other translations had been undertaken on the same principle, they would not so often have dropt like a sheet of lead from the press. U.

What a blessed thing it is that our translation of the Bible was made before the reign of Queen Anne! U.

Classical poetry idealizes: modern poetry individualizes. U.

Philology ought to be only another name for Philosophy. The one usually mumbles the husk, the other paws the kernel. U.

Chaos is crude matter without the formative action of mind. Is not infinity then a Chaos? U.

Sudden resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer, indicate nothing but the changeableness of the weather. υ.

The craving for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow. υ.

We hurry through life, fearful, as it would seem, of looking back, lest we should be turned, like Lot's wife, into pillars of salt. And alas! if we did look back, very often we should see nothing but the blackened and smouldering ruins of our vices, the smoking Sodom and Gomorrah of the heart. υ.

Γνωθι σεαυτὸν, they say, descended from Heaven. It has taken a long journey then to very little purpose.

But surely people must know themselves. Nobody ever thinks about any thing else.

Yes, they think what they shall have, what they shall get, what they shall do, perchance

even what they shall be, but never or hardly
ever what they are. U.

On l'a bien nommé bonheur : ce n'est que
pour une heure qu'on en jouit. U.

In a controversy both parties will commonly
go a little too far. Would you have your adversary
give up his error? be beforehand with him, and
give up yours. He will resist your arguments,
much more sturdily than your example. Indeed
if he is generous, you may fear his overrunning
on the other side : for nothing provokes retaliation,
so much as concession. U.

We have all been amused by the fable of the
Sun and the Wind, and readily acknowledge
the truth it inculcates, at least in that particular
instance. But do we practise what it teaches?
we may daily : the true way of conquering our
neighbour is not by violence but by kindness.

O that people would set about striving to conquer one another in this way! then would a great conqueror be truly the most glorious and the most blessed, because the most beneficent of mankind.

U.

When you meet a countryman after dusk, he greets you and wishes you good night; and you thank him, and call him friend. It seems as though a feeling of cordiality would needs rise up in every heart, as the moment draws nigh when the whole human race are to be gathered together beneath the wings of sleep. Here also Twilight is "studious to remove from sight Day's mutable distinctions," as Wordsworth describes her in his beautiful sonnet.

U.

Flattery and detraction or evil-speaking are, as the phrase is, the Scylla and Charybdis of the tongue. Only they are placed side by side: and unluckily few tongues are content with falling

into one of them : such as have once got into the jaws of either, keep on running to and fro between them. They who are too fairspoken before you, are too likely to be foulspoken behind you. If you would keep clear of one extreme then, keep clear of both : the rule is a very simple one : never find fault with anybody, except to himself ; never praise anybody, except to others.

U.

Personality is the bane of conversation. For experience seems to have ascertained, or at least use has determined, that all personalities are malicious. Evidently then it must be our duty to abstain from them.

But that is impossible. Mixed conversation cannot always settle into the discussion of abstract topics. Nothing is duller or drier. Besides it commonly happens that, in proportion as the topic of conversation becomes more abstract, the tone of it becomes harsher and less

friendly. And what are women to do? they whose thoughts always cling to what is personal, and seldom rise into the cold and vacant air of speculation, unless they have something more solid to twine round. You must admit that there would be very little entertainment or interest or liveliness in conversation, without something of anecdote and story.

Yes, willingly. But this is something very different from personality. Conversation may have every thing that is valuable in it, and every thing that is pleasurable, without any thing that comes under the head of personality. The house in which, far above all others I have ever been an inmate in, the life and the spirit and the joy and the delight of conversation have been the most intense and all but inexhaustible, is a house in which I hardly ever heard a single evil word uttered against any one. And for this very reason was the pleasure so pure and healthy and unmixed : while spiteful thoughts, although

they may irritate and gratify our sicklier and more vicious tastes, always leave a very bitter relish behind them. Nay more, even in conversation whatever is most vivid and full of life and of light and of delight, is the produce of the Imagination; now and then, when the occasion seems to justify it, displaying more or less of her majestic energies; but usually, from feeling the incongruities and contradictoriness of human nature, putting on the comic mask of humour. Now the Imagination is always benevolent: all her appetites are for good; all her aspirations are upward; all her visions are fair and hopeful: it is so in poetry; it is not otherwise in real life: looking at men's actions in conjunction with their characters, she can always find out something to say for them; or if she cannot, she will turn away from so painful a spectacle. It is the Understanding which pries into motives without reference to characters, that rebukes and abuses and can see

nothing but what is bad ; and then, to keep itself in spirits, would fain be witty, and smart, and would make others smart ; in other words, it is the Understanding that deals in personalities.

U.

Sense must be very good indeed, to be as good as good nonsense.

U.

What is one to believe of people ? one hears so many opposite stories about them.

Exercise your digestive functions : assimilate the nutritive ; get rid of the deleterious. Believe all the good you hear of your neighbour ; and forget all the bad.

U.

No present is acceptable to God, except the presence of the godly.

U.

Some persons are so afraid of breaking the third commandment, that they never speak of

God at all; and to make assurance doubly sure, they never think of him.

Others seem to have a different reading; or they interpret according to the law of contrariety: for they never take God's name except in vain.

U.

Few men say grace with good grace.

U.

On ne se gêne pas dans cette vie: on ne se presse pas pour l'autre.

U.

A sudden elevation in life, like ascending into a rarer atmosphere, swells us out and often perniciously.

U.

When I hear or read the vulgar abuse so lavishly poured out, if ever a monk or a convent is mentioned, I call to mind what the Egyptian king said to the Israelites: "Ye are idle, ye are idle: therefore ye say, *Let us go and do*

sacrifice to the Lord." To those who know not God, all worship of God is idleness. U.

There are days on which the sun makes the clouds his chariot, and travels on curtained behind them. Weary of shining before a drowsy thankless world, he covers the glory of his face, but will not quite take away the blessing of his light; and now and then, as it were in pity, he withdraws the veil for a moment and looks forth, to assure the earth that her best friend is still watching over her in the heavens; like those occasional visitations by which the Lord, before the birth of the Saviour, assured mankind that he was still their God. U.

You might as well search out a vessel's path
Amid the gambols of the dancing waves,
Or track the lazy footsteps of a star
Across the blue abyss, as hope to trace
The motions of her spirit: easier task
To clench the bodiless ray, than to arrest
Her airy thoughts: flower after flower she sips,

And sucks their honied fragrance, nor bedims
 Their brightness, nor appears to spoil their stores :
 And all she lights on seems to grow more fair.

U.

Amo, or some word answering to it, is given in the grammars of most languages as an example of the verb ; perhaps because it expresses the most universal feeling, the feeling which is mixt up with and as it were the keynote of every other. The disciples of the selfish school indeed acknowledge it only in its reflex form : if one of them wrote a grammar, his instance would be :

Je m'aime.	Nous nous aimons.
Tu t'aimes.	Vous vous aimez.
Il s'aime.	Ils s'aiment.

And yet the poor simple Greeks did not know that *φιλεῖν* would admit of a middle voice.

U.

The common phrase *to be in love* well ex-

presses the immersion of the soul in love, like
that of the body in light. U.

Man cannot emancipate himself from the
notion that the earth and every thing on it, and
even the sun moon and stars, were made
chiefly if not wholly for his sake. And yet if
the earth be made to supply him with food, he
is also made to till the earth. If he would win
her favours, he must woo her by faithful and
diligent service. There should be a perpetual
reciprocation of kind offices. At all events the
earth is likely to have the last word. U.

Two streams circulate through the universe ;
the stream of Life and the stream of Death.
Each feeds and feeds upon the other : for
they are perpetually crossing, like the serpents
around the caduceus of Mercury ; wherewith

animas ille evocat orco

Pallentis ; alias sub Tartara tristia mittit.

They began almost together ; and they will

terminate together in the same unfathomable ocean.

v.

The consummation of heathen virtue was expressed in the wish of the Roman, that his house were of glass; so might all men behold every action of his life. The perfection of christian goodness is defined by the simple command, which at the same time is the most arduous ever laid upon man, not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth. For the eye which overlooks the Christian, is the eye which seeth in secret, and which cannot be deceived, the eye which needs not glass as a medium of sight, and which pierces into what no glass can reveal.

v.

Of all drams the most noxious is praise. Be sparing of it, ye parents, as ye would be of the deadliest drug; withhold your children from it, as ye withhold them from the gates of sin.

Whatsoever you enjoin, enjoin it as a duty, enjoin it because it is right, enjoin it because it is the will of God ; and always without reference of any sort to what man may say or think of it. Reference to the opinion of the world, and deference to the opinion of the world, and conference with it, and inference from it, and preference of it above all things, above every principle and rule and law, human or divine ; all this will come soon enough, without your interference : more readily will you stop the east wind, or check the progress of the blight which it bears along with it. Ask your own conscience, reader, probe your heart, walk through its labyrinthine chambers, and trace the evil which you feel within you to its source : of the diseases which prey upon your moral being, do you not owe the first seeds of half, and more than half, to your having drunk too deeply of this delicious poison ? At first indeed it may seem harmless : the desire of praise appears to

be little else than the desire of approbation; and by what loadstar is a child to be guided, unless by the approving judgement of its parent? But although their languages are so similar that on the confines they are scarcely distinguishable, you have only to advance a step or two, and you will find that you are in a foreign country; almost singular in your good fortune if you discover it to be an enemy's, before it is too late to escape from it. Approbation speaks with reference to the thing or action: *that is right; what you have done is right*. Praise is always personal: it begins indeed gently with the particular instance, *you have done right*; but soon fixes on permanent attributes, and passes from *you are right*, through *you are a good child, you are a nice child, you are a sweet child*, to what is cruelest of all, *you are a clever child*. For God in his mercy has hitherto preserved goodness from being much flyblown and desecrated by admiration: people who wish to be

stared at, seldom try hard to be esteemed good : vanity takes a shorter and far more congenial method ; and the fruit of the tree of knowledge is still in a secondary way, one of the baits which catch the greatest number of souls. When a poor child has once eaten of that fruit, and been told that it is worthy to eat thereof, it longs for a second bite ; not however so much from any strong relish for the fruit itself, as from the hope to renew the pleasing titillations by which the first mouthful had been followed : the longing soon becomes a craving, the craving a gnawing ravenousness : nothing is palatable, save what pampers it ; but there is nothing out of which it cannot extract some kind of nourishment. And woe is me ! it is on this appetite that we rely, on this almost alone, for success, in our modern systems of education. We excite, stimulate, irritate, drug, dram the pupil, and then leave him to do his best, heedless how soon he may

break down, so he does but start at a gallop. Nothing can induce a human being to exert itself, except vanity or jealousy: such is our axiom; and our deductions are worthy of it. Emulation, emulation, is the order of the day: and only look at its marvellous effects; it has even turned the hue of the Ethiop's skin; it has set all the blacking-mongers in England emulating each other in white-washing every wall throughout the country. Emulation, it is declared, is the only principle we can trust to: for principle it is called, although it implies the rejection and denial of all principle, of its efficacy at least, if not of its existence, and is a base compromise between principle and opinion, in which the things of eternity are made to bow down before the wayward notions and passions of the day. Nay worse, this principle, or no principle, is adopted as the main spring and motive in a scheme of national and even of religious education, by the professing disciples

of the master who pronounced, if any man desire to be first, the same shall be last, and whose apostle has numbered emulation among the works of the flesh, together with adultery, idolatry, hatred, strife, and murder. We may vociferate as we will about the unchristian practices of the Jesuits: the Jesuits knew far too much of Christianity ever to commit such an outrage against its spirit, as to make children pass through the furnace of the new Moloch, Emulation.

But let me turn from these boisterous and vulgar paradoxes, to look at Wisdom in all her quiet gentleness, as in Wordsworth's sweet language she describes the growth of her favorite;

"A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love."

The air of these simple words, after the hot close atmosphere I have been breathing, is as soft and refreshing as the touch of a rose-leaf to a feverish cheek. The truth however so ex-

quisitely expressed in them, was equally present to persons far wiser than our system-factors, the authors of our popular tales: and the beautiful story of Cinderella, among others, shews an insight into the elements of all that is lovely in character, seldom to be paralleled in these days.

Ought not parents and children then to be fond of each other?

You who can interrupt me with such a question, must have a very fond notion of fondness. Whatever is peculiar in fondness, whatever distinguishes it from love, is wrong. Fondness may, if you please, dote and be foolish: Love is only another name for Wisdom: it is the Wisdom of the affections, as Wisdom is the Love of the understanding. Fondness may flatter and be flattered: Love shrinks from flattery, from giving or receiving it. Love knows that there are things which are not to be seen, that there are things which are not to be talked of;

and it recoils equally from the thought of polluting what is invisible by its gaze, and of profaning what is unutterable by its prattle. Its origin is a mystery; its essence is a mystery: every pulsation of its being is mysterious: and it is aware that it cannot break the shell and penetrate the mystery, without destroying both itself and its object. For the cloud which is so beautiful in the distance when the sunbeams are sleeping on its pillow, if you go too near and enter it is only dank and dun; you find nothing, you learn nothing, except that you have been tricked. Often have we been told that love palls after fruition; and this is the reason: when it has plucked off its feathers for the sake of staring at them, it can never sew them on again: where it is swinish, it is in a double sense guilty of suicide. Its dwelling is like that of the Indian God on the lotus, upon the bosom of Beauty, rising out from the playful waters of feelings which cannot be fixed; and it

may not turn up the lotus to look under it, without oversetting and drowning itself; it cannot tear up the root to plant it on the firm ground of scientific conviction, but it withers and dies. Such as love wisely therefore, cherish the mystery, and handle the blossom delicately and charily; for so only will it retain its amaranthine beauty. There is no greater necessity for a father's or mother's love to vent itself in bepraising their child, than for the child's love to vent itself in bepraising its father and mother. The latter is too pure and reverential to do so: why should the former be less reverential? or can any object be fitter to excite reverence than the spirit of a child, newly sent forth from God, in all the loveliness of innocence, with all the fascination of helplessness, and with the secret destinies of its future being hanging like clouds around its unconscious form? On the contrary, as, the less water you have in your kettle, the sooner it begins to make a noise and smoke, so

is it with affection : the less there is, the more speedily it sounds and smokes, and evaporates, talking itself at once out of breath and into it. Nay, when parents are much in the habit of showering praises on their children, it is mostly for the sake of the pleasing vapour which rises upon themselves. For the whirlpool of vanity sucks in whatever comes near it : the vain are vain of every thing that belongs to them, of their houses, their clothes, their eye-glasses, the white of their nails, and alas ! even of their children.

Equally groundless would be the notion that children need to be thus made much of, in order to love their parents. Such treatment rather weakens and shakes affection. For there is an instinct of modesty in the human soul, that instinct which manifests itself so beautifully by enabling us to blush ; and until this instinct has been made callous by the rub of life, it cannot help looking distrustfully at praise.

The very pleasure occasioned by praise is of a kind which implies it to be something unexpected and forbidden, and not more than half deserved. Besides, as I have already said, the habit of feeding on it breeds such an insatiable hunger after it, that even a parent may in time grow to be valued chiefly as he ministers to the gratification of this appetite. Affection, to be pure and durable, must be altogether objective : it may indeed be nursed by the memory of benefits received ; but it has nothing to do with hope, except the hope of intercourse and communion, of interchanging kind looks and words, and of performing kind deeds. Whatever is besides this, is not love, but lust, it matters not of what appetite, nor whether it be of the body or of the mind.

U.

What a type of a happy family is the family of the sun ! with what order, with what harmony, with what blessed peace, do his children

the planets move around him, shining with the light which they drink in from their parent's face, at once upon him and on one another! U.

How great is the interval between gambolling and gambling! One belongs to children; the other to grown up people. If an angel were looking on, which would he think the more rational? U.

O that old age were truly second childhood! It is seldom more like it than the berry is to the rose-bud. U.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman: the foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man: the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God. U.

It is a scandal that the name of Love should be given by way of eminence to that form of it which is seldomest found pure, and which very often has not a single particle of love in it.

U.

What is meant by universal philanthropy? Love requires for its object something real, positive, and distinct; as is proved by all mythology, where the attributes of the Deity are impersonated to satisfy the cravings of the imagination and of the heart: for the abstract God of philosophy can never excite anything like love. I can love this individual, or that individual; I can love a man in all the might of his strength and of his weakness, in all the blooming fulness of his heart, and all the radiant glory of his intellect; I can love every particular blossom of feeling, every single ray of thought: but the mere abstract, bodiless

heartless, soulless notion, the logical entity, Man, "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing," affords no home for my affections to abide in, no substance for them to cling to.

But although reality and personality are essential to him whom we can regard with affection, bodily presence is by no means necessary to the perception of reality and personality. Vain and fallacious have been the quibbles of those sophists, who have contended that no action can take place, unless the agent be immediately, that is, as they understand it, corporeally present. Homer and Shakspeare have not ceased to act, and will not so long as the world endures. Nor does this action at all depend on the presence of their works before us: they cannot put forth all the energies of their genius, until they have purged themselves from this earthly dross, and become spiritual presences in the spirit. For nothing can act

but spirit : matter is unable to effect anything, save by the force it derives from something spiritual. The golden chains by which Anaxagoras fabled that the sun was made fast in the heavens, are only a type of that power of attraction, or, to speak at once more poetically and more philosophically, of that power of golden love, which is the life and the harmony of the universe.

True love is not starved, but will often be rather fed and fostered, by the absence of its object. In Landor's majestic language, "Absence is not of matter : the body does not make it : absence quickens our love and elevates our affections : absence is the invisible and incorporeal mother of ideal beauty." (*Imag. Conv.* vol. 1. p. 480.) Love too at sight, the possibility of which has been disputed by men of drowsy hearts and torpid imaginations, can arise only from the meeting of those spirits

which, before they meet, have beheld each other in inward vision, and are yearning to have that vision realized.

v.

Life has two ecstatic moments, one when the spirit catches sight of Truth, the other when it recognizes a kindred spirit. People are for ever groping and prying around Truth ; but the vision is seldom vouchsafed to them : we are daily handling and talking to our fellow-creatures ; but rarely do we behold the revelation of a soul in all its naked purity and fervid might. Perhaps also these two moments generally coincide. In some churches of old, on Christmas eve, two small lights typifying the divine and the human nature were seen to approach one another gradually, until they met and blended, and a bright flame was kindled. So likewise it is when the two portions of our spiritual nature meet and blend, that the brightest flame is

kindled within us : when our feelings are the most vivid, our perceptions are the most piercing ; and when we see the furthest, we also feel the most. Perhaps it is only in the land of Truth, that spirits can discern each other ; as it is when they are helping each other on, that they may best hope to arrive there. v.

The loss of a friend often afflicts us less by the momentary shock, than when it is brought back to our minds some time afterward by the sight of some object associated with him in the memory, of something which reminds us that we have laughed together or shed tears together, that our hearts have trembled beneath the same breeze of gladness, or that we have bowed our heads under the same stroke of sorrow. So may one behold the sun sink quietly below the horizon, without leaving anything to betoken that he is gone ; while the sky seems to stand

unconscious of its loss, unless its chill blueness in the East be interpreted into an expression of dismay. But anon rose-tinted clouds, call them rather streaks of rosy light, come forward in the West, as it were to announce the tidings of a joyous resurrection. / u.

Nothing is further than Earth from Heaven :
nothing is nearer than Heaven to Earth. u.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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P. 107. l. 6. read, and *are* important.

P. 223. l. 12. read, than that lying . . .

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